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ENTRANCE TO SALCOMBE ABOVE WOODVILLE

MYRTLES AND ALOES;

OR,

Our Salcombe Sketch Book.

BY ELLEN LUSCOMBE.

WITH SOME ADDENDA IN THE SHAPE OF

A DISCURSIVE GOSSIP ABOUT KINGSBRIDGE.

BY FRANCIS YOUNG.

———"Walking as of old we walked
Beside the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach."

In Memoriam.

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PREFACE.

It appears hardly necessary to say anything by way of introduction to so small a work as the present; but it may be remarked that the pages which treat of Salcombe and its vicinity were written at the suggestion of the two young ladies whose friendship holds so pleasing a place in the remembrance of our stay in Devonshire, and that those which tell the tale of Kingsbridge were written by Mr. Young at the request of the Publisher.

The drawings illustrating the scenery of Kingsbridge were made by Miss Tregelles, of the latter place, whilst for those of Salcombe the Author alone must be responsible.

June, 1861.

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MYRTLES AND ALOES.

CHAPTER I.

SALCOMBE.

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?
In dunk'ln Laub die gold Orangen glüh'n:
Ein sanfter Wind vo'm blauen Himmel weht
Die Myrte still; und hoch der Lorbeer steht!"

Göethe.

"SALCOMBE! Where is Salcombe?" says one of my readers. "O!" rejoins a second, "I dare say it is one of those places which was never heard of till a railway came through it, and now the inhabitants are so proud that they must have a book all about themselves!" "I know," says a third; "it is the name of a large hill just beyond Sidmouth, which we used to climb on picnic excursions, and which, after all, never appeared to such advantage as when we were at its base!"

No, my readers; you are all wrong. My Salcombe is much lower down in the map, and there is no railway to it at all. Look at the southernmost part of the county of Devon, and you will see a sort of lake, not unlike a splash on a tea tray, or at all events, which can be made like it, if you are artistically inclined. At the top of it you will see the town of Kingsbridge, and at the bottom you will not see, unless your map is a very good one, the

thriving little town, or rather semi-town, of Salcombe, which is to be the scene of our adventures. Had any one told me a few years before that I should ever find myself there, I should have looked on the prophecy as altogether apocryphal; but events did conspire to bring my husband and myself thither for a period; and this is how it came about.

In the autumn of 1854, during a visit to our relatives in Dublin, it was considered necessary for me to seek a warmer climate for the winter; and circumstances with which I need not here trouble my readers took us to the spot which, of all others in England, is supposed to be the best suited to a person suffering from a bronchial affection. I need not weary my readers with the oft-told tale of sea-sickness and other marine discomforts between Kingstown and Holyhead, excepting to remark that the weather, which had been for months very fine, suddenly changed about the time of our departure, and we had, in consequence, as unpleasant a crossing as most people meet with. We slept the first night at Birmingham, and after another day's journey, found ourselves at the Kingsbridge Road Station on the South Devon Railway.

Now began the only unpleasant part of the land journey. The coach in which we were to travel was heavily loaded, and the extremely hilly nature of the road added to the fast approaching darkness, I confess, made me rather nervous. However, it is always well not to seem afraid, so I kept my terrors to myself, until after a drive of ten miles we reached, quite in the dark, the town of Kingsbridge. Here we had to change into a fly, which we shared with two captains' wives, who had been respectively to Liverpool and Cardiff, to take leave of their husbands, and a little boy, who told me that he had once been in his father's schooner to "Ale," which, after some perseverance, I discovered to mean Hayle on the Cornish coast. I endeavoured to glean what information I could from my fellow travellers as to the sort of place which Salcombe might prove; and I learned that if not a "city

of kings," it was at least a "town of lords." Two Lords and an Honorable were mentioned as having houses there; so we immediately conjectured, in spite of what we had previously heard, that Salcombe must be a distingué place.

At length, after much ascending and descending of hills, which gave one a lively notion of going upstairs and downstairs in a sedan chair, we reached the house in which lodgings had been taken for us, and having, in order to facilitate the unloading of the vehicle, put out the little boy first, we were greeted by the long and surprised face of our future landlady, and the exclamation—"A little boy! I never heard there was a little boy!" She was, however, appeased by my protestations that the little stranger, who was so *un*welcome, was none of ours, but she was evidently not quite comfortable until he was safely deposited in the fly which was to take his mother and her friend to the further end of the town. The blazing fire and clean apartments looked comfortable enough after our two days' journey; and we retired, thankful to Him who had protected us throughout, and rather impatient to see what should greet our eyes on the morrow.

It was on the 18th of November, before seven o'clock in the morning, that we arose to look out of the window, and thus gain some notion of the place on which we had alighted. Do not be disappointed, nor take a dislike to my book, when I tell you that it was the dreariest prospect my eyes ever beheld. Dull, cloudy weather to begin with—a large sort of salt water lake lay stretched before us, from the sides of which the tide had receded, and left the most filthy mud, with boats and anchors set fast in all positions, as if they had been bemired there on their return from a drunken frolic. A ship yard exactly under our house, from which it was divided only by a very narrow street and low wall, containing an unfinished vessel, gave promise of abundance of noise as soon as the carpenters should be sufficiently awake to make it. A few gray sea gulls and black shags were the only living creatures to be

seen, and they were evidently making the best of their time before the rest of the world was stirring. Everything seemed to be

"Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east wind."

Things looking so unpromising did not conduce to early rising, so we shrunk back, and strove to dissipate the unpleasant impression which we had received.

The promise of carpenters' rappings, which had been given to the eye was not "cheated to the sense:" the noise made by their industry soon rendered further repose out of the question; for now

"Throughout the ship yard's bounds,
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;"

and all this long before it was fairly daylight.

The morning proved one of those slate-coloured, pepper-and-salt days, with which we, in this island home of ours, are so frequently favoured. Nevertheless, we took a survey of the place, and unpromising enough it appeared.

The town seemed to be a mere *cul de sac*, and to end in nothing; but by dint of perseverance we discovered a walking way to a piece of land which appeared to have been reclaimed from the mud by some sort of Dutch process, and to have acquired some dwelling-houses on it. But how they came there was a mystery, for all business looked as if transacted by means of donkeys and boats. This place we afterwards learned was called The Island.

There was in the aforementioned street a regular stone staircase leading to the top of the cliff, on which other houses were built, thus enjoying the ascending smoke from their lower neighbours in great perfection. Donkeys went up this Via Mala so quietly that it was evident they were used to it; and, indeed, the loads which these patient creatures carried on their wooden saddles were astonishing. Following their lead, we reached the Post

Office, which contained nothing worthy of notice save two troughs of very promising-looking auriculas, for which I observed the situation was remarkably favourable.

From the Post Office we found our way to the Church, which was to be my husband's charge, and were agreeably surprised to find it newly built of white brick and stone, and the churchyard planted with aloes and yuccas, (the largest I had then ever seen) myrtles, and a great deal of the thick-leaved Chinese Veronica, which flourishes profusely in this almost frostless climate. We returned by another way to our lodgings, and both agreed in the opinion that Salcombe was, in spite of all that had been said in its favour, the most unprepossessing place we had ever seen. Still I admit there was something about the greenish gray colour of the stones and fern-grown walls which pleased my eye, and which I expected would tell well in a brighter atmosphere. In the afternoon we again sallied forth, and took the road by which we had entered from Kingsbridge, and after a long walk between walls and high banks, emerged suddenly into a more open space, and for the first time beheld the open sea, or at least as much of it as can be seen between the two prominent bluffs which form the mouth of the harbour.

* * * *

I am not to be understood as usurping the office of the Guide Book makers, whose inflated descriptions amuse us all so much; nor have I any vested interest in Salcombe, beyond what every lover of the picturesque may legitimately feel; but I will attempt to put my readers in the possession of a few facts to start with.

Salcombe, then, is built on the western side of what appears to be a wide river, but which is in reality an arm of the sea, enclosed on both sides by lofty hills, but which, after having been confined in this way for about a mile and a half, expands itself into an estuary, running up to Kingsbridge and branching off in various

directions; thus justifying the simile of the splash of water which I used just now. The town being little more than the width of one street, with a few narrow yards running out of it, occupies a long front, curving a little backwards at the eastern end. A person entering by a boat from the sea would think there was not much of it, but viewed from one of the creeks which run into the country towards the north-east the appearance is far more imposing; and I am told by a clergyman resident on the opposite side, who in his youth assisted at the bombardment of Algiers, that the town always reminded him of that place; and I can imagine that when seen through some of those rolling banks of fog which we had once an opportunity of witnessing, the resemblance must have been complete; for it certainly presented one of the most curious effects I ever beheld, in some degree reconciling one to that most unpleasant aspect of Nature. This likeness to Algiers receives strong confirmation from a drawing in a little work which has been lately published by the Rev. E. Davies, which struck me as soon as I looked at it.

There is nothing to interest the professed antiquary, save the Old Castle at the entrance of the harbour, which will hereafter be described. The real interest which Salcombe possesses is for the marine naturalist, the botanist, the artist, and the general lover of Nature under all her aspects. Such will not regret the absence of the esplanade, the pier, and the band, which form the staple of most sea-side watering places. No "Prospect Places," which, I observe, are invariably opposite a dead wall; no "Bay View" nor "Sea View Avenues," which behold nothing but their opposite neighbours, as in the outskirts of Dublin; no white and dazzling terraces, with stone steps and green verandahs, announce the names of the builders, contractors, or lords of the soil, and set one upon searching the Red Book for information as to who's who; though, by the way, some curious little scraps of information are sometimes thereby elicited. No, there are none of these; but

instead—and, to my mind, it is a most advantageous exchange—bold and overhanging rocks for those who love the magnificent, and sheltered lanes and green nooks for those who prefer the shady side. The Devonshire wells have always been a subject of admiration to the artistic observer, and justly so, for they form beautiful backgrounds to many a scene of rural courtship or merry-making, and, I suspect, have been innocent causes of many a match in humble life; whilst those who have stumbled upon them in the midst of a long dusty walk can speak feelingly of the refreshment and comfort which they afford. There was one of these, though by no means the prettiest I have seen, near Woodville, a short distance from the town, to which the beautiful inscription in Lalla Rookh, "Many like me have viewed this fountain; but they are gone, and their eyes have closed for ever," was strikingly applicable; for this little stream must have seen generation after generation pass away without any sensible difference to itself, still singing the same song,

> "——Men may come and men may go,
> But I flow on for ever!"

On the opposite side of the road was a deep ravine extending to the sea, watered at the top by the same spring, and clothed with ferns (the hart's tongue and male fern particularly, which were green throughout the whole winter), which always attracted us by its brilliant contrast with the brown rocks, and bare stems of the trees, and the glassy waves at the bottom. On such a gray day as I have described it was peculiarly charming, and almost deluded us into the belief that spring was nearer at hand than our almanacs would have us believe.

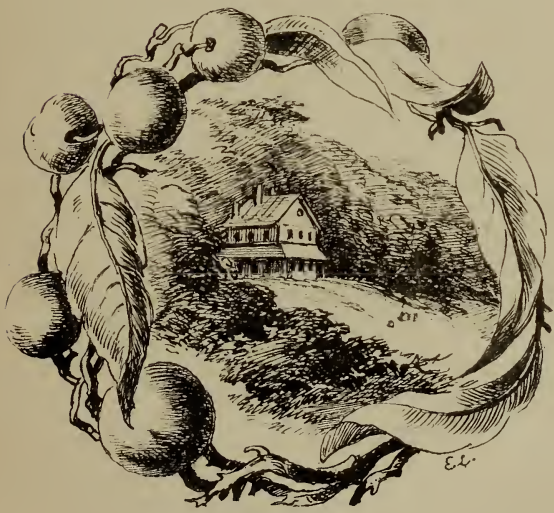
Lofty hills, crowned in many places by fir plantations, rise from the back of the town, affording lovely prospects of sea and land. The various branches of the estuary can be seen in many places extending almost to their termination, which used to remind us of the plans of the country around Sebastopol, which

were in everybody's hands at that time, and studied with such tender interest by all who had loved ones suffering under its walls, or, perhaps, dying without the consolation of beholding the dear familiar faces of their youth. No feeling heart could be indifferent to the sufferings of our soldiers at that sad period; and many a careless one who would not pray for himself would join earnestly in the petitions offered up for them. The interest excited on their behalf was universal, and we used to be asked in our walks into the country, by the villagers, if there was any news of the war; and on our replying that the prospect of the capture of Sebastopol seemed as distant as ever, they would shake their heads, and say "Wisht job, ma'am—Wisht job!" I never could satisfy myself as to the meaning of this word, but I often heard it applied to subjects which would excite pity and compassion.

It seemed to bring things strangely home to us, and in a manner which the dwellers of more inland districts can hardly conceive, when we spoke to sailors with whom we were unacquainted, and received for answer that they were just returned from Constantinople, Balaklava, and such like places; but our excitement was wrought to a high pitch by the prospect of the arrival of a Russian barque which had been purchased by a local company, and which was daily expected. How the men looked out! We never walked towards the harbour's mouth without meeting all the spare hands with telescopes under their arms or at their eyes. The interest was contagious, and at last we became almost as anxious as themselves, especially as the weather was particularly stormy just then, and we dreaded seeing her arrive in the shattered state in which some others did one dreary morning, after a night which I shall not easily forget.

The first object worthy of notice in the town is the Church, which occupies a commanding position. It has been built about eighteen years, and takes the place of a kind of Town Hall, which for many years was licensed for the performance of Divine

Salcombe Church.



Woodville.

worship. It is early English in style, and has three lancet windows at the east end, the centre compartment being filled with medallions of stained glass, the gift (I believe) of the present Earl of Devon, who possesses property in the neighbourhood. The pulpit and font—the latter carved by himself—are the gift of a clergyman to the Church of his native town. The Devonshire people displayed great taste in the ornamentation of the Church on the Christmas Day that we saw it. Wreaths of ivy, fir, and other more costly evergreens (holly did not seem so plentiful as many others) were twisted spirally round the columns, and myrtle was used not sparingly. For this purpose the gardens of the Moult were laid under contribution, and most unceremoniously, I should think, judging by the quantity used; but Devonshire is not niggardly of her vegetable treasures, and I dare say they were never missed. At all events, could they be used in a nobler cause than in heralding in the Birth of the Prince of Peace? The townspeople also in general seemed to take pride in their Christmas display of evergreens: one house in the Island had a complete bower before the door, composed of fir branches supposed to represent palms, in the same manner as the Christmas Trees now so much in fashion.

Near the Church, and a little higher up, stands the pretty dwelling Mount Knowle, the source of many pleasant recollections to us, as being at that time the residence of the two young friends who contributed so greatly to our enjoyment of Salcombe. The view from the garden is almost Italian in its character—at least, so my sketch makes it appear, without any intention on my part, owing, I suppose, to the aloes and fir trees in the garden, and the delicate blue colour deepened into shades of purple or green in the sky and water. The trees surrounding Portlemouth Rectory on the opposite side seemed to kiss the water, and Chivelstone Church at times would stand out in the distance like a beacon. The main street of Salcombe contains houses and

shops intermingled, and is altogether as unlike a fashionable watering place as can well be.

Returning through the town, we pass, though without being conscious of it, Cliff House, situated on the side of the hill, and connected with a beautiful garden on the opposite side of the road by a bridge overhead. Further on to the left, Ringrone, belonging to Lord Kingsale, the front of which can only be seen on the opposite side of the harbour. Then again, soon after our first glimpse of the sea, Woodville, a charming residence, surrounded by shrubs of unparalleled luxuriance. The garden contains some rare plants, and a splendid orange tree very many years old, which flourishes without any other shelter than matting or a straw-covered hurdle during a very severe frost. There is also a curious shrub, which our lamented friend Mr. Strong used to call the New Zealand Bottle Brush, from its resemblance to that homely implement. As far as my memory serves, it grew like a badly-trained peach tree: the petals were very small, and of a pink colour, and the stamens an inch long, forming a pencil of scarlet hairs. The seeds were three years in ripening. Perhaps some better informed botanist may recognise the plant from the description I have given. It is certainly very curious, and I should think rare. On the grass plat, I was informed that large quantities of the *Neottia Spiralis* (Ladies' Tresses) annually appear, a delicate little plant, and much prized by botanists. My sketch book contains a drawing of a branch of orange tree, with eight small oranges in the space of about a foot, which was given me by the gardener who showed us over the premises.

Lavars,lith: Broad St Hall Bristol

E.L. Delt.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTLE.

It is just below Woodville that the sketch of the mouth of the harbour is taken; and continuing our ramble by the road, which lies exactly on the top of the rocks, we discover just beneath our feet the old tower which I am about to describe. It stands on a rock washed at all times by the sea, although accessible from behind at low water, but at the same time so much exposed to its influence that the wonder is that any part of it should be left to tell the tale of its former strength; but strong it must have been, for it stood a siege of four months by the Parliamentary forces under Sir Thomas Fairfax. It certainly is of some antiquity, for it was repaired by order of Prince Maurice for Charles I. in 1645, and not before it was wanted; for it seems from the account which I have before me, that this Fort Charles, as it was then called for the first time, was besieged the same day, and vigorously defended by its governor, Sir Edmund Fortescue, an ancestor of the family now residing at Fallapit, in the neighbourhood.

The garrison was composed of sixty-six men in all, and two women, laundresses; and so resolutely did they hold their own that it was not till May, 1646, that they capitulated, and then upon the most advantageous terms, to Col. Ralph Weldon, who was appointed by the Parliamentary forces to receive the Castle at their hands. It is pleasant to remark the loyalty of those brave men to their religion and their king. They stipulated in the first place that the governor and all the garrison, in their "several

and respective places, should have and enjoy full liberty in their profession of the true Protestant religion, professed and vowed by both Houses of this present Parliament in their first grand protestation," &c. Also, "that the fort should not be known by any other name than Fort Charles, as it now is, or any coat of arms in the dining-room defaced, or anything belonging to the said fort."

By the eighth article they provide that "the governor (Sir E. Fortescue), Sir Chr. Luckner, their servants and soldiers in the fort, shall have full liberty to march from thence to Fallapit, with their usual arms, drums beating and colours flying, with bondelars full of powder, and muskets appertainable, and after three values to yield up their arms to those whom Corronal Weldon shall appoint to receive them; the governor, Sir C. Luckner, with both their servants, likewise the officers in common, excepted."

One cannot help wishing that poor King Charles had always had equally brave and wise men to defend his cause, for it is very certain that had Cromwell's forces everywhere met with the same stout resistance, his fate would have been very different.

From observations in the account book of Sir E. Fortescue, still preserved in the family, it appears that the Castle had sustained two investments previous to the one of which we are now speaking—a sufficient proof of the strength of its fortifications and the skill and courage of its defenders.

A large key said to have belonged to this fort is in the possession of Sir E. Fortescue's descendants at Fallapit, with a portrait of the worthy old soldier himself; who, after the surrender of the Castle, sought refuge in Holland, where he died and was buried at Delft, in which place there is a monument erected to his memory.

Although mere ancestry cannot confer any distinction upon those who have nothing better to be proud of, I should not be inclined to think well of any one who is so far indifferent to it as

to be careless of preserving its honour untarnished; and were I of Sir E. Fortescue's descendants, the key of Salcombe Castle would be kept amongst my most cherished possessions. There are plenty of people now-a-days of the go-ahead persuasion, who talk very grandly about making a name for one's self, but I suspect that some of our boasted great deeds would shrink into insignificance by comparison with some which are nearly forgotten, or only brought to light, like the present, by the curious and interested stranger.

I do not think that the former glories of their fortress are even now lost upon the Salcombe people, for they are proud enough of it to have named one of their own beautiful little schooners the "Salcombe Castle"; but as it now stands, the building is a mere shell, over the lower part of which the water dashes at every tide. A few hardy plants grow on the scanty soil of the top, and the base is covered with sea-weeds, limpets, sea anemones, and other molluscous animals, whilst the rock, smoothed in places, shows where once the floor of the lower stories existed.

Note.—It is only right to acknowledge the assistance I have derived from a former History of Salcombe whilst compiling this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE INHABITANTS.

It is time to introduce my readers to some of the Salcombe worthies, though they have many of them departed to their rest since we knew them.

A great character was Jacob Clarke; so old and infirm from exposure in his sea-faring life that he could hardly manage to get about with the help of two sticks: yet was he a genuine naturalist, and could tell where every rare shell or mollusk was to be found, and would go out and poke about the rocks and bring in a lobster, when no one else could find anything. He would have been invaluable to Mr. Gosse or Mr. Lewes, or any of our accomplished marine naturalists, and I have a theory of my own that he was related somehow to Mr. Gosse's hero of the Turritella. Certainly if old Jacob did not know a Turritella by name, he would have known it by sight, and would have brought that or any other marine production to order, had there been any one who would pay for it.

One of the Salcombe characters must not be omitted, for it is he who would have delighted to assist in the composition of this little work, and would have given information which now, alas! cannot be obtained—Mr. Strong. His name was truly significant of his nature, for his wit was keen and piercing, and his sound sense and fearlessness of expression made him dreaded by many, for he prided himself on "standing no nonsense." But this rough exterior wore off on better acquaintance, and

when fully satisfied that he was understood he displayed an accomplished and even a refined mind, with a great love for literature, poetry, and music, and what, if cultivated, would have been a fine taste for art. During the time of our stay he was entering into what proved to be his last illness, and as we found that our visits were a comfort to him, we generally managed to see him several times in the week.

It was a great amusement to myself and the two young friends I have mentioned to rout out his books, under pretence of calling upon him. How he scolded us, and declared we should have but one at a time! which was only a device to get us to call on him the oftener. I think I see him now. His feet on the fender, his hands in his pockets, always, propped up in his arm chair, with his favourite books on the table, and telescope within reach, the more readily to scrutinize every ship which passed his windows on her way to Kingsbridge; a microscope at hand, and his violin where he could look at it. With what delight he used to turn over his portfolio containing drawings of the various rare plants which grew in the neighbouring gardens, of which he was an accomplished delineator, and how delighted he was if any one recoguised the rarer specimens! His great pleasure, however, was in seeing me draw, or finish up some of the hasty sketches which a winter's day would allow me to take. Already a good linguist, he was commencing the study of German, in which he flattered himself he should derive some assistance from her who now records these characteristics of a lost friend. I fancy how people must have been mistaken in him who judged only from externals, which certainly were far from imposing.

His dwelling was on a piece with himself. Down—ever so far down a long passage which led to the sea, was a door which seemed to have no particular business there, but to have been put in by the builder on the principle of blank windows, to take off the sameness of the long wall which preceded it. Once having

obtained admission into a large sort of hall, which was always a matter of difficulty till you became possessed of the secret, your eyes were greeted with a vast quantity of fishing tackle and other objects belonging to a boat, which was suspended at the further end outside, and over the water. Large Spanish wine jars, of the same material as that exhibited in the Crystal Palace of 1851, reminded one of the Forty Thieves, who, however, would have fared badly had they ventured to attack Mr. Strong, who possessed a whole armoury of "pikes, and guns, and bows." Then you passed a large flock of stuffed birds of different climates, arranged on some peculiar principle known only to their proprietor. Next, "an alligator stuffed and empty fishes," and on the top of the stairs, the very albatross which the merciless Ancient Mariner killed with his cross-bow!

Advancing in the dark by rather an awkward staircase, we reached the presence chamber, where sat the master himself in a kind of grim state, relaxing, however, his assumed sternness at the approach of any one whom he really liked. The first greetings over, he used to dash away into his subject at once, and greatly delighted was he if he could puzzle us as to the author of any of his queer out-of-the-way quotations. A young lady who was staying at Salcombe, and who rather set up for a "blue," began unluckily to try her skill upon Mr. Strong. He quietly asked her if she had ever read Paradise Lost, which so discomfited her that she did not venture into his den again in a hurry. The fact was, he had just been refreshing his memory by reading it after the lapse of some years, and he told me he was astonished to observe the root it had taken in our language, so many phrases and turns of thought being distinctly traceable to it. This, no doubt, is true of many of our great writers, and I often think it would be worth while to peruse in chronological order all our great national authors, for the purpose of ascertaining how much of our daily vocabulary is enriched by them. A Northamptonshire

Baker, has adopted the opposite course to illustrate Dryden and Shakspeare, explaining many of the passages which have puzzled commentators so much, by a reference to words in common use amongst the poor in that county; but I should be glad to see some one illustrate our common talk by references of our choicest ideas to their real authors.

Mr. Strong was also a marine naturalist, and had a collection of all the shells to be found in the estuary, which he had made with the assistance of Jacob Clarke, amongst which the Pinna Marina was the most curious. The old story of its attendant cancer is quite exploded by modern naturalists, and it is astonishing how it ever could have got abroad. Perhaps the idea of the jackal being the lion's provider may turn out equally false: more probably he is the lion's hanger on, a type of many of our species, who start up fast enough wherever anything is to be had. Indeed, our fixed notions have been sadly upset of late by the discoveries of modern science; and I suspect that some of us are secretly lamenting that Le Vaillant's travels in the region of the Cape of Good Hope, that delight of our younger days, are now recognised beyond all doubt as a literary forgery, for a great deal of belief has been expended upon them.

Some of Mr. Strong's opinions in matters of taste were decidedly heterodox: for instance, he would delight himself with an enormous bunch of double daffodils, without a blade of green to relieve them, on the middle of his table; and no respect for our opinion could induce him to think them ugly. One of the two young friends to whom I have alluded, therefore, took him in hand, and insisted on clearing out the bilious-looking flowers, and replacing them by a tasty bouquet of ferns, periwinkles, "ragged robins," and others of our wild favourites. So elegantly were they arranged, that even he had to give way before her taste and sauciness. A great triumph to be sure it was, and one of which he did not soon hear the last.

Next came our friend at Mount Knowle, who has also passed away from amongst us. The view from his pretty villa was a source of unceasing gratification to him, for he had grown old in sight of it, and could conceive of no change for the better; and, indeed, it would have been difficult to imagine a landscape possessing all the requisites of hills, wood, and water, in equally beautiful proportions. The long walk behind his house, charmingly sheltered from the high winds, was decorated in the quaint taste of a by-gone generation. Cannons were planted at regular intervals, which would have been alarming had there been any fear of their going off, but around which the lambs contentedly nibbled, like those in Landseer's beautiful picture of Peace. Figure-heads of vessels, looking very grim, and leering at you with the one eye which time had left—very Polyphemuses in their way—would certainly have alarmed any one who had come on the premises with felonious intentions; at least, if their consciences had been as tender as Bewick's thief's in his incomparable vignette. There were fushcias which would grow in spite of adverse circumstances too terrible to be contemplated by the devoted gardener, like myself, and abundance of single white stocks, which delighted their owner fully as much as Mr. Strong's yellow daffodils charmed our eccentric friend. Having lived so long in the world, he seemed to have lost all "count of time," and assured me that some middle-aged ladies who had called on us were "very nice young people!" All things are by comparison, no doubt; and it is curious to observe how lenient people become to "forty" as they approach "thirty."

The whole family of Coles must not be omitted from the list of Salcombe notables, beginning with old Henry Cole, who was by profession a turner and engraver of tombstones, mender of umbrellas and watches, brooches and camp-stools, besides doing anything that no one else could do, from carving a figure-head to setting a sun-dial; but who, nevertheless, gave lessons on the

piano, which like other things, I believe, he had taught himself, besides playing the violin for his own private delectation. After him comes his son, who was precentor and leader of the instrumental music at church, at the head of a choir composed almost exclusively of members of his own family, and who attended all parties and merry makings which ship-building did not interfere with on the week days. Occasionally, his band would serenade the inhabitants of our quiet street with the inspiriting strains of the "Combined Fleets" quadrilles; and the Christmas carols, we must all allow, were beautifully sung under his auspices.

Three boats plied at that time daily between Salcombe and Kingsbridge; and considerable rivalry existed between their owners, though not between their respective passengers. I confess to belong to the popular party, and to prefer Edward Wood's boat, for he was the fastest rower, and the best-looking fellow withal;

> "And O! he had that merry glance
> Which seldom lady's heart resists;"

and I expect the cunning rogue did not display his good teeth and sparkling eyes for nothing, for it was easy to see that old March got very little custom, especially amongst the womankind. I really used to pity the poor old fellow when we passed him with our boat quite full, and he toiling away for the sake of one passenger, who did not look very solvent after all. There was a story afloat that Edward Wood had been in earlier life on the point of marriage with a lady very far above him in station, but that the intrigue was discovered by the usual "inexorable parent," and the match, in consequence, broken off, and Edward Wood left with nothing but the renown of having once nearly married a lady.

I suspect that the "Salcombes," as they designate themselves, are apt to be a little censorious in their judgment, and local in their ideas, and rather hard in their opinions of those who do not

come up to their mark, especially in matters of dress. To be sure, the subject occupied a good deal of their attention, and the generality of the captains' wives had plenty of money to spend on it, as during their husbands' long voyages, they could practise any little economies they pleased, and dress themselves at the expense of their comfort. In an evil day for our self-esteem we were seized with a desire to know what they thought of us, for, being strangers in the place, we were quite sure that some conclusion on so important a subject must have been arrived at; and one of us undertook, through an "intermediate," to find it out. Gentle Reader, what do you think we heard for our pains? Never be too inquisitive on such a point, for it is ten to one you will hear something you don't like. Well then, since I have gone so far, I must confess the truth. Salcombe thought that Mrs. L. and the Miss P.'s "could not be ladies, because they walked where no one but the cockle boys went!" After this sweeping annihilation of all our pretensions to gentility, no wonder we betook ourselves more and more to the society of these very boys, especially when the tides were low, and we could make them our guides to places not otherwise easily reached. Some of them were the handsomest little fellows I ever saw. Two of them were our especial favourites. One of us upheld a little man with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a round wide-awake; but my boy, whom I maintained against all Salcombe for beauty, had dark eyes, a Murillo complexion, and such a ravishing red cap! I used to catch him, and send him messages, for the pleasure of talking to him.

As the business of the place is almost entirely confined to the building of ships and the foreign fruit trade, the title of "Captain" is of almost universal acceptation; indeed, it is as difficult to meet with an untitled "Mr." in Salcombe as it was for Mark Tapley to find a common man in America. Very strange stories had some of these men to tell; and I regret that

I never recorded any of them at the time they were related. Extraordinary natural productions were also to be seen in their houses, and pictures of their own vessels, always "in a most tremendous storm," in some unreadable latitude.

In general, the vessels in the harbour hoisted flags on Sundays, and on all occasions of congratulation, such as a birth or wedding in any of the families of their owners or captains; which practice, from the near relationship of the families, produced the most lively appearance, for the Salcombe people are essentially clannish, and what affects one affects all. People may laugh at this; but it is pleasant to see, nevertheless, and difficult to be observed in any place which has not these external tokens to show. A pretty custom the children had on May Day of coming round with May garlands, which were made of all available flowers, particularly the golden-blossomed furze, which grew so plentifully on the other side of the water, and which mixed with evergreens produced a brilliant effect. Some had a doll, by way of May Queen, cunningly inserted in the middle of a bower. Our little blue-eyed friend had a magnificent ship on the top of his May garland, the whole being supported by a long pole, and carried through the town in conscious pride of its being the handsomest in the procession. Sweet children! their merry faces are even now before me, and their childish voices ringing in my ears, as they return their thanks for the few pence bestowed on them, which, sooth to say, gave equal pleasure to the giver and receiver.

"Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers."

One of the tradesmen asked us if we would like to see some beautiful feather flowers which he had just received from Madeira. Of course we did like to see them, as we always do to see any-

thing pretty, and he ushered us into his nice little drawing-room, and there we beheld the most exquisite groups imaginable. It was easy to see that they had been modelled from nature, for many of them could be recognised; and, beautiful as were those in the Exhibition of 1851, these were fully equal to them. Probably they came from the same hands, and it is a consolation that the poor nuns who are said to make them have something so pretty to spend their time upon; but, for my part, I am sure I could never sit down to make waxen or any other imitations of flowers with any patience: their exquisite beauty drives me wild; and even in painting them from nature, I believe I experience as much pain as pleasure from the employment. No, I say, let them be fleeting; for that is the nature which their Maker has seen fit to bestow upon them, and, indeed, is one element of the tender pleasure with which we regard them. I believe all will admit that a favourite plant *may* flower too long; and I suspect that the most beautiful imitations, merely as such, would in a short time become insipid. Such, however, is not the case with a painting: in this instance,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"

and the human intellect and labour bestowed upon it will make it ever interesting. But is there anything so tiresome as a bunch of Everlastings?

I learnt at Salcombe the solution of a question which had frequently perplexed me; and as I have since asked many people, and no one could tell me where St. Michael's oranges came from, I will relate how I came by this piece of information. The *Island Queen*, a Salcombe-built vessel of which her owners were justly proud, came in one day from a long voyage, and we were told that she was just returned from St. Michael's with a cargo of oranges. Now, I thought, will be a good time to discover the whereabouts of that place, if I wait long enough, and don't betray my ignorance (it is astonishing how much one hates to be

thought a fool); so I said nothing, but a few days afterwards contrived to get into conversation with a sailor, artfully bringing the subject round to the *Island Queen*. To my great satisfaction, he volunteered the information that the vessel was just returned from the Azores! and rushing to my atlas as soon as we returned to our lodgings, I found the veritable St. Michael's sure enough, just as he had described; but it is astonishing how few people know where it is. I suspect we have many of us a bad habit of laying aside our atlases when we leave school, instead of keeping them at hand, or referring to a globe, which is far better, as a clearer notion of the relative position of places is obtained by this means. A friend once told me that he had no idea how near California is to China till he found himself looking at Wyld's globe. Our maps of the globe in two hemispheres conduce not a little to confusion in such matters.

When I add old Luckham, a fisherman who would make his fortune by sitting to a marine painter, if any such should visit Salcombe; and Perrin and his "mullies," which is the Devonshire word for donkies, as "dickies" in Norfolk, "jennies" in Northamptonshire, and "cutties" in Northumberland, and who would shine in the picturesque heath-and-donkey style, not forgetting what Mr. Ruskin calls the "inestimable value of dirt" to such subjects; I think I have said enough to make the general reader understand that the "Salcombes" are not an every-day set of people.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW STUDY.

A PERSON accustomed to active pursuits naturally feels at a loss when prevented by any cause from engaging in them, and so it fared with me. The unusual coldness of the weather during the early part of our stay at Salcombe prevented my leaving the house by the week together, and it was necessary to find some pursuit to occupy the otherwise monotonous time. One cannot read all day long, though I can do as much as most people in that way, but books were scarce. I had read many of our good friend Mr. Strong's, and all the library of our neighbour the chemist, which in truth was not extensive; and I began seriously to consider what would become of me if things went on in this way. In a happy hour I remembered that I knew nothing of Marine Botany, though I had often wished for an opportunity of pursuing the study, but the distance from the sea at which we had generally resided had hitherto precluded the idea, and I must admit that the inexplicable forms I met with whenever I took up a sea-weed to look at it always deterred me from the investigation. But now, if ever, seemed to be the time; so I determined to find out some of the species, and to draw as many of them as I could. But then how to begin? There seemed nothing distinctive to be got out of them by looking, that was clear—though I now rather wonder at thinking so—so I wrote to a scientific friend, who presently sent me a childish sort of a book (Landsborough's Introduction), with plenty of pictures, which only puzzled me

more and more, as I fancied I could call to mind having seen every one of them. In this state of mind how was I ever to find out a Fucus from a Chondrus?

At last, by resolute studying, I found I could recognise one by comparison with the drawing, and as "c'est le premier pas qui coute," I began to discover that others too might be found, though much unnecessary trouble was taken by trying to make out what could not be known by a beginner like myself, viz., the difference between a plant in fructification, and one out of it. However, nothing daunted, I set to work, and after learning the glossary of scientific terms, which I advise every one to do at the outset, as it saves so much trouble afterwards, I began to see my way a little out of the tangled maze in which I had found myself. Being grouped on the natural system, the family likeness soon became apparent, and the microscope revealed by degrees the texture of the plant, on which so much of the arrangement depends. I had no idea that I could have become so interested in any pursuit, for it was long since I had attempted any thing new. Distance from libraries, and lack of intellectual society, had gradually reduced me to a humdrum state of mind: in fact I was beginning to think a quoi bon? of many things in which I had formerly delighted; but I found the truth of Wordsworth's assertion, that

> "Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy;"

and henceforth the poor despised sea-weeds, the waste of Nature, the epithet for all that is vile and worthless, became for me the source of unceasing delight and interest.

I fear some of my acquaintance would have thought me slightly demented had they seen the care and pains I took with this new study, but nevertheless the infection spread, and my husband and our young friends quickly became as interested as myself, and

many were the wettings which they got in consequence of their kind desire of affording me pleasure.

I never look over my collection of drawings of sea-weeds without a lively remembrance of the happiness it afforded me in making it, and ungrateful indeed should I be to the Author of all our enjoyments could I ever cease to be thankful for the instruction they yielded.

The microscope afforded such charming treats, and the tiny little plumes, which without its assistance we should never have discovered to be such, when magnified displayed such exquisite organization that we were never tired of admiring; and not until our eyes warned us by their aching that we had used them too long, did we lay aside our beautiful favourites with regret.

I particularly remember the unexpectedly elegant appearance of the Ptilota Sericea, the Calithamnion Plumula, and Seirospora Griffithsia, the two latter of which might be supposed to be only a lump of reddish pulp, and passed over without guessing their hidden beauty. However, if any one will but make a beginning there is no fear of anything, however unpromising, being neglected. A few directions for observing them may not be thought out of place.

Wash the specimens which you intend to examine in one of the pools of sea water which you will be sure to find. Expose them as little as possible to the air on the way home; for this purpose a basket lined with oiled silk will be found very useful. They will keep moist in this for a long time, but it is better to immerse the more delicate ones in a bowl of sea water as soon as you can. Fresh water instantly kills some varieties, especially of the "Red Series," turning them from crimson to an orange scarlet. I do not know that any British sea-weed is of that colour, and those that are so found must be considered in a state of decay. From ignorance of this fact I painted two specimens vermilion on my first commencement of the study, and found the impossibility

of arriving at a just conclusion as to their names, till the advancing spring soon showed me the same plants in their natural hues, a dullish crimson; but I still keep the drawings as warnings to my friends.

When you intend to study them, each cluster should be shaken loosely, and a single frond or spray detached for special examination, and floated by itself in a white dish full of water. A small portion of this latter may be then taken off with a sharp-pointed pair of scissors and laid in its wet state on the transparent plate of the microscope, when the texture and fructification will be discovered.

Those that are required for drying should be floated in a dish, the student cutting out any of the branches which overlap each other too much, but being careful to preserve the root, without which no specimen can be considered perfect. A sheet of cartridge paper is then to be introduced into the water beneath, the plant floated to its proper position on it, the fronds neatly arranged with a bodkin or blunt-pointed instrument, and the whole cautiously withdrawn from the water without displacement. A very little practice will render this an easy operation. The superfluous moisture must next be drained off by sloping the sheets for a few minutes, which must then be subjected to a gentle pressure, with a sheet of blotting paper between each. It is well that they should not dry too fast, which can be prevented by throwing a damp cloth over all, but the blotting paper ought to be shifted two or three times, and the weight increased as the specimens become drier.

Most sea-weeds will be found by this treatment to have become completely glued to the paper; but a few will not adhere by any treatment. Such must be fastened with slips of paper, in the usual botanical way: the larger and thicker-stemmed ones may be secured with needle and thread, which is an effectual and tidy plan. Some species will shrink so as to be hardly recognisable in

their dried state, do what you will: for such I can offer no remedy; but those who can draw will find them amply repay the trouble, by the pretty sketches which they afford, and by the far more accurate knowledge which will be thus obtained.

I advise my friends just to make the attempt, and they will be astonished at the number of species which a rocky shore affords. The dark brown or olive species are the easiest to observe, and can soon be learnt by the help of a treatise on marine algæ, of which Professor Harvey's is certainly the best. A sandy shore is unfavourable to the development of most species, from the want of attachment for their roots; and the collector is therefore dependent upon the waifs and strays of more favoured localities. But, even in this case, a greater variety will be found than would be imagined by those who had not tried the experiment; and high tides and stormy winds will be looked on as advantages rather than otherwise by those who have this pursuit to console them under bad weather—so sad an affliction as it is generally considered at a watering place.

But if there are no weeds, there are yet stranger things to be discovered, natives of the sandy shore. "Come to these yellow sands," in company with Mr. Gosse, Mr. Lewes, or Professor Harvey, and they will show you things "undreamt of in your philosophy."

I remember being sadly disappointed at the flat shore of Abergeley, to which place we went fortified with a new copy of "British Marine Algæ," and expecting to do wonders in that line. Not a sea-weed was to be found, save a few long yellow fronds of the Laminaria. However, not to be outdone, I looked about, and soon discovered a zoophyte in its living state, which most people imagine a sea-weed, as it is generally found dry on the shore, looking as if cut out of rough whitey-brown paper. Every one has seen it thus; but few have seen it alive, and waving in the water the delicate little cilia by which it gains its nourish-

ment. There are two varieties most commonly known—Flustra Foliacea, the larger and more frequent, and Flustra Chartacea, which is more delicate in its form and not nearly so common.

Attached to the stems of small sea-weeds is frequently seen the elegant Crisia Denticulata, almost as transparent as the water itself, or, more properly speaking, like spun glass. Whilst looking at this sometimes, a singular creature (Isthmia Obliquata) formed something like little baskets attached to each other by a slender thread, and moving in all directions, is to be seen; and also another curious one, very much like a collection of Pan's pipes, but stretching out in pairs, or threes, or one after the other, in the fashion of parallel rulers. These last two, however, are only visible by the aid of a microscope.

But to return to Salcombe.

The sea anemones which are to be found clustering on the ledges of the rocks, and left bare for a considerable time at every low tide, are very curious and instructive. Naturalists have of late paid great attention to them. Dr. Harvey's description of their anatomy must be quoted. "There is an outer leathery skin, separated from the inner coat or wall of the stomach by a hollow space, in which are placed numerous vertical partitions or laminæ, radiating towards the centre like the gills of a mushroom. These plates have their origin on the inner surface of the leathery coat, to which they act as a support: some of them project so far as to touch the walls of the stomach, and others are narrower and shorter than the rest, exactly as we find in the gills of a mushroom. In the sea anemone the laminæ continue fleshy through life: in the madrepore they secrete a coating of lime, which thickens by degrees, and at length forms a stony cast of the animal." We found, besides the common red ones, which were everywhere plentiful, beautiful specimens of a delicate apple green, with most exquisitely brilliant lilac tips; olive brown, with bluish tentaculæ; the pearly Crassicornis, with a body like foreign china, with

opaline feelers. This last I found on the shore, covered with sand and bits of shell; and I could not imagine what it was; but on washing it, and leaving it in our impromptu aquarium, formed of the middle dish of a dessert service, till the next morning, all its beauties became apparent. It had opaque bands on the back of the feelers, which contrasted elegantly with the transparent opaline texture of the rest, from each point of which protruded the finest possible bristle, visible even to the naked eye, which closed upon our fingers with the most sickening sensation imaginable. There were also two splendid specimens of Actinia Bellis to be seen stretching their long tubes in a rock pool, to which we had only access at low tides, and which we preserved a profound secret, lest the cockle or "squin" boys should find them out, and thus deprive us of the pleasure of watching them.

CHAPTER V.

ROCK POOLS.

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are as bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson flag of the Dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

* * * *

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amidst those bowers of stone;
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own."

Percival.

After the stormy weather with which we were visited, we used to walk on the rocks which were bare at low water, for the purpose of visiting the small pools, which were never dry; and here we had an opportunity of watching the growth of the sea-weeds from time to time. The more delicate ones apparently made but little progress; but the larger ones grew almost under our eyes. I remember one pool particularly, which we saw under very favourable aspects. A bright afternoon sun illumined the grey rocks of Limebury Point, nearly opposite to Salcombe Castle. A clear blue sky was reflected in a pool, the bottom of which was filled with yellowish sea-weeds; the two combining to give the water a delicate green tint, which told to great advantage by comparison with the grey rocks. Between some of the rocks the

water rushed with considerable rapidity, communicating to the corrugated folds of the Laminaria (a dark brown sea-weed) a beautifully waving motion, resembling tropical vegetation. Other parts of the pool were occupied with the fronds of the Pycnophycus, looking as if cast in brass; and others again had large plants of the Cystoceira Ericoides, a coarse-looking alga, something like leafless branches of birch trees, but the stem exhibiting, whilst under water, the verdigris green alluded to by Professor Harvey. The outer edge was thickly clothed with the growing fronds of the crimson Chylocladia Articulata, and the dull brownish purple of the Rhodymenia Palmata in its earlier stages, so unlike the full-grown plant that unless seen in its transition state a beginner could never suppose them to be of the same origin. Low down in the pool were the olive Ectocarpuses, some of them looking like lumps of dirty wool, and the young filaments of the Chorda Filum waving like a tuft of Feather Grass, and showing their fringed edges, which were otherwise invisible; also, large bunches of the Chondrus Crispus, which, viewed under water, exhibits a beautiful blue colour like the steel of watchsprings, &c. The parts of the rocks exposed at low water to the air were covered with the Fucus Canaliculatus, its low-growing brown fronds now enriched with bright golden pods, whilst nearer the water, and generally less exposed,

"Arborets of jointed stone were there"—

in other words, corallines in all their stages, beginning from a blotch of reddish-coloured chalky substance, and gradually developing to the perfect plant of a pinkish or rather bricky tinge; and still lower down, and never quite dry, were the white ledges of the Melobesia, appearing very like fungi or decayed wood. The whole thing, whether viewed with the eye of a naturalist or of an artist, was most enchanting. So gaily a tinted foreground is not easy to meet with, and there is certainly room on the walls of our Exhibitions for the works of an artist who will take all the marine

circumstances into his consideration, and paint pictures of them with the same scrupulous fidelity with which William Hunt executed that marvellous bit of Mont Blanc.

If Mr. Ruskin would write up rock pools as he has done granite stones and flowery banks, there might yet be a chance for such a "desired consummation." Hunt has already painted moss and fungi to drive our botanists to distraction: perhaps these pages may give him the hint to try sea-weeds; I am sure in point of richness of colour they are equal to mosses.

Mr. Mackie, in some papers published in the Art Union, has advocated the study of sea-weeds as models for design, but he applies them more to purposes of sculptured ornament than to painting, and I had myself a fancy for painting a set of biscuit china with subjects from my sea-weed book; in spite of laying myself open to the charge of sinning against æsthetic propriety by depicting sea-weeds on tea-cups. Be that as it may, I am sure they would form a very pretty and novel decoration, and I do not yet despair of seeing it done, though by somebody else.

It is pleasant to observe throughout the writings of Southey how fond he was of these rock pools. Many of our song writers have imagined them with great poetical propriety as the abodes of nymphs and water spirits. The "Mermaid's Song" is known to all, but Southey is one of the first who appears to have observed their homes with the eye of a naturalist as well as of a poet. This is obvious in "The Curse of Kehama," and it awakened the remembrance of many scenes in which we had delighted; and we have since met with this note in his journal, which was immediately transcribed:—"I walked on the beach at Falmouth, caught soldier crabs, and loitered to admire the sea anemones in their ever varying shapes of beauty, read Gebir, and wrote half a book of Thalaba." And true it is that no poet ever arrived at eminence who had not loved and studied nature. We see it through them all. The

sublime Milton was exquisitely tender when he spoke of flowers, and Shakspeare's genius is never more thoroughly appreciated than when he descends to the scenes of country life. Ophelia with her willow wreath, Perdita and her flowers, Titania and her fairy attendants, will always take the greatest hold on the popular imagination. I suspect we only really like what we understand, and this is the secret of the admiration we feel for those pictures which present the most successful delineations of nature, accompanied with a touch of human feeling. A lonely spring, with a broken jug, will tell a long tale to those who can understand it; and it is this appeal to human sympathies which constitutes the superiority of such pictures over photographs, which, though so exquisite in themselves, are merely reflections of nature after all, and do not answer mind to mind like the paintings of an accomplished artist. For this reason I believe that photography will never supersede art, though it will render essential service to artists, and also serve to elevate the taste of the million, enabling them the better to appreciate the works of those who make nature the ground-work of their representations. It is doubtful if the industrious works of the Pre-Raphaelites would have attracted so large a share of the public attention, if the simultaneous introduction of photography—like the aid rendered by the art of printing to the Reformation—had not, so to speak, backed up the fidelity of their representations; for it is very credible that many people have given more attention to photographs than to nature. Still, if this has proved the means of awakening their powers of observation, we must not find fault, but congratulate them, though late in the day, on coming to the use of their eyes. But could any one who has studied Millais' exquisite picture, "Autumn Leaves," ever find the same satisfaction in the best photographed foregrounds? And why? Because "Autumn Leaves" has in it the tender touch of human sympathy, as well as a high moral purpose. The twilight gloom,

proclaiming "the night is coming, in which no man can work"—the leaves,

"Which all unmurmuring part
With their pure lives,"

collected for burning by the hands of children—the variety of foliage, cultivated and uncultivated in the same heap—all combine to tell the tale of fleeting mortality; whilst the ascending wreaths of smoke proclaim "our life is but a vapour!" One generation has fulfilled its mission; another is coming in its stead!

Still, let me not be thought to undervalue photography. I only contend that it cannot to an educated mind supply the place of art, though as a reflection of natural scenery it may, and undoubtedly does, afford great enjoyment, and, as I would fain hope, prepare the way for the appreciation of something better; but, at best, it only gives the present, and is powerless to carry the mind backward or forward as a painting does; and I am of the opinion that no one but an artist, or one possessed of artistic feeling in a high degree, ought to meddle with it. It is certain that only a portrait painter can produce a good photographic likeness. Witness the dis-similitudes which are every day perpetrated by wandering professors of the art!

I do wish, however, that some one would photograph a few of the rock pools I have just described, supposing them capable of being represented through the medium of water, which I rather doubt; for they would be invaluable to a marine naturalist, and recal to many in the midst of their more uninteresting occupations the happy days spent in exploring their treasures.

CHAPTER VI.

DAFFODILS.

———" Daffodils,
With the green world they live in."

Keats.

One day in the beginning of April we were surprised to see all the children of the place walking about with enormous bunches of daffodils in their hands, which was the more startling as few of the habitations of the poor have any gardens attached to them; but, on closer inspection, our botanical eyes were delighted at finding them to be the delicate single daffodil, or Lent lilies, as they are called in Devonshire. Now I never could find any beauty in daffodils, and used to wonder why Wordsworth wrote such a pretty poem on them, and why every one who wrote on spring flowers was in duty bound to bring in Shakspeare's

" Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; "

and old Herrick's

" Fair daffodils ! we weep to see
You haste away so soon ; "

and numberless other apostrophes to what I always considered the ugliest flower in the garden. Now the mystery was explained: now, for the first time in my life, did I see the real wild daffodil; and a very elegant and poetical looking flower it is. Its delicate lemon-coloured corolla, with its deep cup, contrasted with the bluish green leaves, gives it a beauty quite unknown to our

vulgar acquaintances of the garden, and fully justifies Milton in his expression,

> "Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffodillies fill their cups with tears;"

so being in league with a botanical relative, I proposed to find out their "green world," in order to send her some good specimens.

Our young friends entered into our plan eagerly, as they were kind enough to do in most cases; and by dint of catching every child we met who had a bunch of flowers in his hand, and subjecting him to a species of inquisitorial catechising, which made him stare as if he thought we suspected him of stealing them, we at last discovered that they came from Maryknowle, or, as they called it, "Merryknowle"; and no doubt such it proved to the happy collectors.

But then, where was Maryknowle? It was settled by reference to the best authorities that we must per force go out on the Malborough road, and trust to some presumed fellow traveller to show the way across certain fields; so not without reluctance, we bade farewell to our beloved rocks and sea, and prepared for a walk inland, which, bye-the-bye, we seldom did without thinking how very pretty the lanes were, if we could but persuade ourselves to walk in them. After passing many a field, and climbing many a stile, and opening gates curiously fastened by putting a large stone against them to prevent their flying open, which ingenious contrivance is called the "Devonshire padlock," but which seems to have been imported from Ireland, for it is an invention worthy of that nation so fertile in expedients to stave off doing the right thing, we came to a cross road, without having seen the petal of a daffodil. But there was a boy in the distance; and being the first human being we had seen since we left Salcombe, we hailed him with a somewhat unwonted pleasure. On nearer inspection he proved the ugliest of mortals; Lord Cranstown's goblin page

could not have surpassed him in this respect. He was, I presume, personating Cupid, for he was shooting with a bow and arrows of his own manufacture, an accomplishment of which he was not a little proud, and willing enough to display his skill on the exhibition of a penny which one of our party luckily happened to have about him. During this performance I looked about, and found the pretty small blue periwinkle (Vinca Minor) growing profusely on a bank, and covering it with its purple flowers, the first time I had ever seen it wild. Does any one know what a beautiful microscopic object its pistil is?

After passing a farm house, so out of the world that it was a matter of speculation if the inhabitants knew anything about the war which was then raging, we struck into a lane embowered with trees, then leafless, evidently a mere water-course in wet weather, and in that respect resembling many other celebrated Devonshire lanes. It was full of stones and all manner of impediments, but disclosing sweet little patches of green ferns here and there, tufts of primroses in the most tantalizing situations behind bramble bushes; and in the wettest places, large patches of the golden saxifrage. Orchises, too, were peeping out of the ground, with their handsome spotted leaves and tips of rosy purple-coloured spikes, giving a clue to the Cheshire name of "Gethsemane." Further on we came to a still wilder place, in which fir trees and rocks were plentiful; and we found one place which we unanimously agreed was intended by Nature for a fernery.

It was an exhausted quarry. Long streamers of grey ivy wound in and out of the fissures; the ground was covered with plants of fox-gloves and the blue Gromwell, which seemed very abundant, giving promise of great future beauty; the elegant little "Herb Robert," or wild geranium, was spreading its pink flowers, mixed with the scarlet leaves of the preceding year, over some loose stones—a very favourite spot with this little beauty, whilst goldfinches were flitting about, giving animation to the

whole scene, and rifling for the hundredth time the heads of the last year's thistles; and ferns were springing up every where to render the spot more attractive. Altogether it was delightful, and we lingered long in it; but still there were no daffodils, and the place did not seem likely to afford any. And this was Maryknowle! "Those tiresome boys to lead us such a chase, and all for nothing!" "Was there ever such a shame? and who knows what we may have missed this afternoon's low tide on the shore?" "Never will I trust a boy again; much less a Salcombe boy!" So we went on grumbling in true British style, till a turn in the road brought us to a rather swampy place, and passing through a nearly extinct orchard into a narrow lane, also very wet, what did we see? Daffodils! beyond the power of man to count. Daffodils on the hedges; daffodils in the ditches; daffodils growing out of the stumps of rotten trees; daffodils in the very foot-path! No question now where the boys got their golden treasures: the whole place was a botanical California. Here were enough to supply the country round, let their demands be never so exorbitant. At all events we came home laden with flowers and roots, happy as the children we met, who were proceeding thither for nosegays to decorate their houses for the coming Easter-day, and anticipating great praise and envy from our botanical friends in distant counties for sending them such charming specimens. Now I began to see the poetical justice of old Herrick's remarks on their fleeting nature, for some of them were already beginning to wither "and die"

> "Away
> Like to the summer rain,"

and I remembered that the jolly old poet was some time rector of Dean Prior, in this county, and not, I should think, very far off; and had no doubt plenty of daffodils within the bounds of his own parish, which, I am sorry to say, he hated with all his heart, and never went near if he could help it, leaving his curate to do

as much or as little as he liked in his absence. In those days I fear parochial work was not much thought of by the generality of the clergy. His poems, though generally too much of a Bacchanalian and amorous character to be entirely pleasing, do, nevertheless, occasionally display some exquisite touches of feeling, quite refreshing to meet with in the midst of so much, dare I say it? entire rubbish. Still I can never forgive him for running down Devonshire, and stigmatising it as "Dirty Devonshire," however justly he might have been provoked at the bad state of the roads at his time of day. However, mire or no mire, we stand by Devonshire; and so will every one else who has enjoyed it so much as we did.

We returned to our lodgings highly delighted with our walk; and the next day, when recounting our adventures to a gentleman whom we met by accident, he exclaimed with unfeigned surprise, "What! did you really go all the way to Maryknowle for those daffodils? If you had but gone down the long walk behind my house, you might have gathered handfuls of beautiful double ones!" It is useless to argue in favour of single flowers over double ones, so we smiled and walked on, wondering nevertheless how double daffodils should have so effectually asserted themselves in all gardens throughout the kingdom to the exclusion of their more elegant sisterhood. But some people have no taste, and it is useless to expect it of them. Just listen to an instance in point.

A lady staying at the house of an old friend of the past generation, estimable in many respects, but by no means a lady's man, had brought home from her walk a delicate bouquet of periwinkles, violets, primroses, orchises, and a few early flowers of the pink Lychnis. These she encircled with fresh green fronds of the Acliantum Nigrum, and such like small ferns; and having arranged them to her heart's content, brought down her "thing of beauty," and placed it on the drawing-room table, where she

could look at it during the intervals of work or reading. I saw it myself, and very elegant it was; and if the truth were told, I suspect they secretly hugged themselves on the superiority of their own taste over that of their less artistically-inclined neighbours. But pride must have a fall; and in about an hour afterwards the door opens, and in marches their host, followed by a servant. "Take away that rubbish!" he said, pointing to the flowers. The servant obediently steps forth, seizes the cherished bouquet, and replaces it by a large bunch of single white stocks, tastefully arranged in a white earthen pie-dish, without the assistance of a single blade of green to relieve the eye. Of course remonstrance was vain, and the poor ladies were compelled to remove their unappreciated treasure to the sanctity of their own bed-room.

* * * *

The subject of flowers has suggested one or two little hints on the construction of a nosegay, or "posy" as our ancestors more prettily and quaintly called it, which may prove useful to those who would avoid bad taste. It is admitted that no modern drawing-room is furnished without its carefully-arranged bouquet. What lady indeed would not resent the idea of such a thing? but as there may be circumstances under which garden flowers cannot be obtained, I would venture to suggest the following, which called forth much admiration from a small party which I once gave under great floral disadvantages.

I arranged round the edge of a tall glass vase a few primrose leaves, then a circle of the flowers themselves; next a bunch of wild hyacinths on their long stalks, so arranged as to form a cone, the apex of which was composed of some blades of a fine yellowish green grass generally found in company with the primroses, and which, streaming about in their own elegant curves, effectually took off any appearance of formality. As spring is coming on I

advise my readers to try it, and see if our fields will not afford a bouquet as charming as can be produced from the more refined conservatory. The idea of making such common things subserve the purposes of elegance may not have occurred, but if any one wishes to obtain a signal triumph of nature over art, let her try the effect of a large bouquet of wild grasses placed in the grate when fires are no longer required, and she will be amply repaid for the trouble of collecting them by the expressions of admiration which they will infallibly call forth; and henceforward the doom of cut paper and knitted stove veils will be considered sealed.

A word or two more on the arrangement of flowers, and I have done. I should like ladies to show more taste than to compose bouquets entirely of flowers without leaves. Does Nature ever do the like? Look at her proportion of flowers and leaves, and then imagine a rose-bush all roses! The same criticism applies to the productions of some of our most accomplished flower painters, (though, all honour to the Miss Mutries, they have broken through the rule), who seem to ignore the existence of anything green. There is indeed great art displayed by the Covent Garden professors, and very scientific effects they certainly produce; but their productions, although on right principles as to colour, are so insufferably formal that I for one cannot tolerate them.

As a rule, I am apt to think that two flowers, or flowers of two sorts well contrasted and with sufficient foliage, are elegant enough for any one. Topsy's inherent taste led her to the selection of a pomegranate and a jasmine. Can any one improve upon it?

If a large ornament for a table is wanted it is a good and safe rule to take the three primitive colours or their nearest representatives, and arrange them for the centre, placing the other flowers around them at the greatest possible distance from the colours which they too nearly resemble—an unavoidable propinquity of colour may be overcome by placing a green leaf or white flower

between: but let your nosegay by all means possess the three primitives, or at least two of them, and the tiniest morsel of the third will be sufficient, if scarce. Surround the whole with leaves of one kind, but belonging to one of the flowers in the group; and believe me you will be satisfied with your work.

Very effective groups are made by placing together all the flowers of one colour, which has something of the effect of one composed of a few large flowers; and it is far preferable to the scattered appearance produced by putting in flowers without any definite rule. But by all means secure as many dark flowers as possible, both to brighten the others by contrast, and to afford a resting place for the eye. For this purpose some of the dullest and most uninteresting to the general observer are invaluable to the professed fleuriste; for on having plenty of them the brilliancy of the group principally depends.

Try my plan if you really love flowers; but if not, meddle not with them, nor with anything else for which you have no love—I mean, of course, in matters of taste; for alas! many things for which we have no inclination must be attempted if we would prove ourselves worthy combatants in the battle of life.

Ruskin says that no artist ought to paint that for which he has no love, and very beautifully does he describe the treatment of the Oxalis Acetosella or Wood Sorrel by Fra Angelico, adding this elegant note, which we liked to remember when we beheld its delicate foliage during that pleasant spring-time covering the earth with its verdant carpet:—"The triple leaf of this plant, and white flower stained purple, probably gave it a strange typical interest among the Christian painters. Angelico, in using its leaves mixed with daisies in the foreground of his Crucifixion, was perhaps thinking of its peculiar power of quenching thirst." A note from the printer makes this suggestive addition, "I rather imagine that his thoughts, if he had any beyond the mystic form

of the leaf, were with the Italian name, Allelujah, as if the very flowers round the Cross were giving glory to God."

Ruskin adds that "in the valleys of Dauphiné, it is called 'Pain du Bon Dieu,' and it whitens the grass and rocks of the hill crest like manna." It has certainly always been a favourite plant with the religious, and disputes with the shamrock the honour of having been selected by St. Patrick as an illustration of the Trinity in his preaching to the Pagan Irish.

How much more interesting is the appropriation to plants of such names, or even of some of the more legendary ones, than the heathen appellations by which they are frequently known! To be sure Iris, Adonis, Hyacinth, Circea, and such like, will convey some poetical ideas, but the 'Old Gods,' as Thorwaldsen called them, are going out, and their names are surely not comparable with the English names of our rural favourites. Daisy! Primrose Peerless! Sweet Cicely! Cuckoo flower! Ladies' Traces! Eye Bright! A poem might be written on each of them! But Allelujah! Gethsemane! Star of Bethlehem! what a world of thought crowds on our minds as we utter them! And even if they produce but a transient remembrance—alas, too transient! surely no one can be the worse for it. Gethsemane, the scene of so much suffering for our sake, may with advantage occur to our minds, bent as they are too exclusively on our own pleasure even in things lawful. It is like coming upon a religious picture by Albert Durer or Mabuse, fresh from the glitter of our own Academy, though it is but justice to admit that the feeling of the present race of exhibitors is greatly in advance of what it was a few years since. Yet who could study Landseer's pictures of canine wisdom, Grant's portraits of gentlemanly men, Roberts' transcripts of Ancient Egypt, or still more glorious Rome, without pausing awe-struck at Hunt's "Light of the World," which even if it expressed no more than "Behold, I stand at the door, and

knock," could scarcely fail of striking some careless heart which had not till then responded to the invitation to open the door to the Heavenly Visitor.

> "Soul, from thy casement look! and thou shalt see
> How he persists to knock and wait for thee."

Thoughts such as these strike me frequently when visiting my greatest delight—an exhibition of paintings, and how wide a sphere of usefulness have our painters before them if they only knew their proper mission!

CHAPTER VII.

THE REBECCA.

SALCOMBE, as has already been explained, is exclusively given up to maritime men and their affairs; indeed, I believe that the "Salcombes" quite agree with the writer of the seamen's song,

> "Oh! how I pity all poor folks
> Who have the ill luck to live on shore!"

though being a landswoman, I take upon myself to assert that "tiles and chimney-pots" do not often fly about even in the most violent weather; and besides, if the open sea be such a remarkably safe place, why do mariners invariably run for harbour when there is any chance of getting one?

But this is nothing to the purpose, and I remark on it only to show how soon one can become interested in surrounding affairs, though at first sight they appear inexplicable. There was no wonder then that the arrival of the Russian barque was almost as anxiously expected by us as by the rest of the town, with whose interests we were at that time so completely identified.

Week after week was this vessel delayed; indeed we began to suspect that she had been metamorphosed into the Flying Dutchman, so contradictory were the statements we heard about her. She had been taken in the war on her return from St. Ubes, laden with salt, and not being able to get into a friendly port, fell a prize to our British tars. It is terrible to think of the consequences which might have arisen to the health of the Russian

nation had the war been prolonged, for they are entirely dependent on other nations for this necessary commodity.

The barque, having been captured, was sold by order to a company of Salcombe men, of whom, physically speaking at least, our friend Captain Cove was the greatest. Day after day we watched the captain's broad back as he stood by the low wall which divided the narrow street from the shipwrights' yard below, where the best view of the mouth of the harbour was attainable, with his telescope in full play, making his eyes and his burly arms ache to no purpose. I fancy I see the whole row of pilots and preventive men off duty who use to stand on each side of him, all equally intent on one object—the Russian barque. Their faces I might not perhaps recognise; but their backs!—there was not a patch in their well-mended jackets that I did not know. Still, all this looking out did not bring the vessel within the range of their telescopes. Others thinking to get an earlier sight would walk a little way up the street, and insert their telescopes into an oblique aperture which they had got leave to make in the obdurate wall which formed the street boundary of the Cliff House garden; whilst others would saunter down to the cliff overhanging the castle, and look out there, still in the same position.

At last, one day, when we had somewhat forgotten the general anxiety, she appeared in sight; and I believe we were amongst the first who saw her as she majestically sailed round the Bolt Head, escorted into the harbour by the ever-watchful pilot Jarvis, and finally anchored in the river in full sight of our lodgings. She looked superb, her three masts and proportionate size of hull giving her a most decided superiority over all the vessels lying in the harbour; and, if the truth were known, not a little griping to the pride of the naval architects of the place. However, I am sure they have no cause for shame, for I question if the ship yards of Salcombe would allow of building so large a vessel. Besides, was not the *Zouave* built in Mr. Bunker's yard,

under our very eyes? and that, too, for Liverpool owners, who will have the best of everything; and did not the *Caroline* reflect great glory on her builder, Mr. Vivian? To be sure she did; and it showed no lack of spirit in the Salcombe men to buy and charter the Russian barque.

Many were our conjectures as to what purpose she was to be applied, as she lay for weeks at the mercy of the shipwrights who overhauled her, still a great ornament to the Salcombe water. She was always a beautiful study to an artist's eye: sometimes her rigging appeared etched on a clear sky, as if by the finest graving tool: at other times, with a dark cloud behind her, all her lines would be shown in white, and the unpainted wood would glow in the brightest sienna colours. Many a lesson in rigging did our good friend Mr. Strong give us on this one subject: I almost began to see some sense in the numberless ropes which he pointed out, and could at least clearly distinguish between the standing and the hauling rigging. But everything has an end: even the slow motions of the shipwrights ceased; the *Rebecca* was pronounced fit for sea, and we were invited to inspect her previous to her departure.

One bright afternoon the polite Captain Hill came for us in his boat: his men rowed us back to the vessel, and with some trepidation we ascended her lofty sides. To say the truth, I did not much fancy the ladder which we had to climb, which was rather slippery looking, as well as perpendicular in its arrangement. But I did what others did; and like many other people, by the help of a push behind and a pull before, succeeded in reaching the deck. I am always nervous on such occasions; and as soon as I found myself safe on board, I began to anticipate the difficulties of getting back again.

To be sure, there was not a great deal to see; but Captain Hill showed us the private cabin of the unfortunate Russian captain, who seemed to have had a taste for the arts, as a large quantity

of painting brushes and other drawing materials was found in his lockers. I am sure I pitied the poor man, well knowing as I do how awkward one feels without sketching materials, and how invariably a subject appears which is especially attractive at such times. The thing which struck me most was the immense size of the hull, which was quite undivided and clear for the reception of merchandise; and we learnt that she was to be chartered for Balaklava—rather a different destination from what was intended by her original owners. The captain appeared flattered by the presence of ladies on board his vessel, and with characteristic hospitality brought out all his provisions, consisting of the most enormous piece of corned beef and a bottle of brandy.

Whilst the others were walking about on the deck I had a little conversation with the young mate, who was looking very downcast, having just married a wife, who could not accompany him, and he was expecting to sail next day! And this is the cause of rather a singular state of society, in consequence of the number of young married women who were keeping house alone, during the long voyages of their liege lords, and truth compels me to state that a large amount of gossip was the consequence; for it is not reasonable to suppose that a young girl, who a week before was not considered sufficiently staid to live away from the maternal roof, should after a fortnight's experience of married life become a very severe matron, the cares of the household not being of sufficient weight to supply the necessary ballast to her character. So it is no wonder that such knots of young women should be seen, all in deep conference on their neighbours' affairs, or settling among themselves the fashions for the coming season, or speculating whether Jack Jarvis is really so fond of Fanny Coles as people say he is, interspersed with a few remarks *en passant* on the ladies who persisted in wearing such worn or splashed dresses, and would carry such baskets full of dirty sea-weed! However, let those laugh who win! and I suspect that

we derived a greater share of pleasant occupation from such apparently unpropitious soil than the more smartly dressed ladies who congregated around their clean doorsteps.

Sometimes in our visits amongst the poor we were saddened by the detail of the wholesale loss of relatives and friends by shipwreck or other disasters at sea. The loss of a whole family, consisting of husband, son, and brothers, was not an uncommon tale; and the natural desire of relatives to be in the same ship conduced to this sad fatality. But I suppose that

> "Men must work and women must weep,
> Where there's little to earn and many to keep."

Surely the worldly wisdom conveyed in the caution against putting too many eggs in one basket might with propriety be carried out in such cases. And yet I believe the possibility of meeting with a similar fate never for an instant deterred these brave men from their destined line of life; nor do I think it ever entered their thoughts.

But I am wandering away from the *Rebecca*, as the Russian barque was christened by her new owners. The wind at this season of the year was decidedly unpropitious for getting the vessel out of the harbour, and week after week she lay, ornamental enough no doubt, but profitless to her owners; though if the truth be told, the delay was not altogether distasteful to the love-sick mate. At last the great captain got impatient, a steam-tug was sent for from Plymouth, and the *Rebecca* had to submit to the indignity—for such it always seems to a great vessel—of being towed out of the harbour like any other ordinary craft, and —the next morning the wind changed!

Can any one explain why human patience so often fails just before the wished-for event takes place? Did you never expect a letter from your favourite correspondent, wait for it day after day, then get desperate and write to know the reason of the delay, and afterwards find that the long-looked-for letter had crossed

your own? How many examples of the same sort of thing occur to every one! I begin to think there is some sort of animal magnetism in this last case, and that the old saying "Talk of," &c., is founded on the general experience of mankind, and, like many other proverbs, not to be slighted.

Some people seem to be endowed with a remarkable sort of prescience, for which it is difficult to account, except by supposing that they reflect more on the past, and are likely, therefore, to be better judges of the future, and everybody has experienced some perhaps ludicrous instances of it; but it is by no means safe to rely upon, and indeed, we (most of us at least) manage the present so badly that we are not fit to be intrusted with the future. I used to think when young, how pleasant it would be to have the power of consigning the key of our private thoughts to some dear friend, who could thus know what we feel impossible to utter of affection or tenderness: but I have lived long enough to see how ruinous would be such a gift in our present imperfect state. The key might be given to one unworthy of our confidence, who might refuse or neglect to return it, or who might make a bad use of the knowledge thereby acquired, and daily do I see cause to admire the wisdom which has withheld the power of making ourselves miserable—perhaps for life: but it is strange to remember the vagaries of our youth, and to observe how maturer age discards one by one the fancies which we had deemed too bright to fade. Castle building, though a dangerous propensity, is an infallible indication of character, and the style of its architecture may be studied with advantage by those who would arrive at a fair estimate of their moral stature. "The mind's the measure of the man," says one of our great moralists, and if so, I fear some of us would cut but a dwarfish figure in the magnificent edifices which have cost us so much valuable time and thought to rear. Still, imagination is a gift, and a necessary part of our mental constitution, and may, if discreetly cultivated,

and not too implicitly trusted, prove of the utmost advantage to ourselves and others. Strictly speaking, the slightest departure from matter of fact trenches upon its dominions, but how could we get on if "matter of fact" were all our mental food? We might as well go and shut up house with Mr. Bounderby in Stone Lodge all the days of our life!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WRECK.

Apropos of ships, I must not neglect to chronicle the wreck of a vessel laden with lemons, which came ashore one stormy night in the beginning of March, and which, although not on our side of the estuary, made quite a sensation in our quiet life. Our landlady told me of this the first thing in the morning, and having a great curiosity to see it, I went over the ferry to my friend at Portlemouth Rectory, and made an arrangement to meet me at a certain point on the top of the hill near the church, where, in addition to the fine prospect of the mouth of the harbour, I saw for the first time in my life water running up hill. This fact, which might perhaps be discredited by the dwellers in more inland situations, can nevertheless be easily accounted for; for the water came from a stream which had its origin in the church-yard of Portlemouth, and from thence making its way to the sea encountered a small hillock (of course lower than its source), which it was compelled to ascend in order to pursue its way to the lowest level. I never saw it before, but I am informed that it is by no means an uncommon sight in these hilly localities. Near this spot my friend's children were awaiting me, and their conversation amused me long. We talked of flowers which were to appear when the late spring should permit, and of wonderful sea shells and animals which had been seen by one of them, who intends to be a second Professor Harvey at the least. One of them pro-

mised to find me a Glaccx Maritima (alas! the dear little fellow has been himself since gathered by the "reaper whose name is Death") which he knew to grow on the rocks, and another had seen the most astonishing sea anemones. So I promised them an expedition to Splat Cove when the days should get longer. Splat Cove seemed a sort of El Dorado with them, significant of treasures untold in the way of natural history, which although heard of, they had never hoped to reach, and their mamma was overwhelmed with descriptions, painted *couleur de rose*, when she soon after made her appearance, laden with thoughtful kindnesses for a poor cripple boy, whose existence seemed to be passed in a linen basket, which served him for bed and sofa. Poor Sam Lamble! I have often thought of him since, and heard occasionally of his welfare, grown out of his linen basket into something better, we trust, but still I fear a cripple for life. How little can we who have the free use of our limbs enter into his sad circumstances; and yet what compensation seems to be granted to such sufferers in their contented and quiet state of mind! I am inclined to think that a very fretful person could not live long in such a state.

With my friend's arrival the conversation improved; for, the daughter of a naturalist, she had early fostered in her children the knowledge and love of all inanimate objects of creation, believing that in the end it would be found that

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small."

Many were the objects which she pointed out to us, and one or two plants are inseparably connected in my mind with her. To her I am indebted for my first introduction to the beautiful Chrysoplenium, or golden saxifrage, very common in all damp places in Devonshire, and afterwards also to the wild flax, which I had never expected to have seen. We all walked together for some time at first, till the conversation got beyond the children's

reach, and they sought more amusement in their own: then we set to work, as ladies are said to do, to "mend the world," or at least, darn some of the thin places. A few stitches certainly were set, but I fear our work would not stand much wear and tear; nevertheless, if we could but persuade society to think with us, its practice would be "never too late to mend."

Our walk was a long one, leading us past the preventive station at Rickham, called Gaytor Rock Station, and from thence along a lower level of the cliff, still however high above the water, to a place called Moor Sand, so called because there is so little of it, I suppose. But the longest walk has an end, and soon the shouts of the children, who had run on before, announced that the wreck was in sight. More people than so scattered a neighbourhood appeared capable of producing thronged the cliff, which, rising nearly perpendicularly from the sea, forbade any approach to the vessel. There she lay resistlessly tossing from side to side against the rocks, her seams opening wider and wider at each roll of the waves, and affording larger apertures for the merchandise to escape. Every wave we knew was bringing the tide higher and higher, and that was the time fixed upon by those learned in such matters for seeing her hopelessly dashed to pieces. The poor crew of six men, who had escaped only with their lives, sat cowering on the rocks, beholding the loss of all their worldly wealth, as chest after chest was washed from between her gaping timbers, and who knows what precious memories those chests might contain for some of them? The afternoon of exquisite brightness seemed ill to accord with the work of destruction going on under our eyes. The sea was covered in places with lemons, which had formed the chief freight of the ill-fated vessel, amounting in value they said to £2,000! and these gave a singularly golden hue to some parts of it; a few boats were trying to pick up what they could, but they would be valueless for purposes of merchandise; whilst the air was perfumed with the scent of

bergamot, some cases of which formed part of the cargo. It was a truly pitiful sight, for a vessel appears to have so much that is human about her, and it is this, perhaps, which warrants the feminine appellatives so constantly given. I know not otherwise wherefore, but it is certainly a more affecting sight to behold the wreck of a ship than to see a steam engine or a stage coach in difficulties, and most people will agree to the truth of this proposition. At all events it would be difficult to imagine a more pictorial sight than was afforded by the wreck and those who came to witness it. Several people came from a distance on horseback, not the least picturesque of whom was my young friend A., with her fairy-like figure mounted on a rough white pony, appropriately named Pixie. The happiness and animation of the child were in striking contrast with the desolation and sadness around her: she would have formed a good figure in the foreground of one of Landseer's pictures, of which, indeed, she greatly reminded me.

Returning by a different road, we found fine specimens of the last year's fronds of the Osmunda Regalis, the noblest of British ferns, and on a steep bank, the glassy threads of the Marchantia, just beginning to germinate. The Osmunda grows to the height of six feet in some places; I had not often met with it, and so was the more pleased at its discovery. We passed Portlemouth Church, dedicated to St. Onolaus, a very unusual name in the calendar I am inclined to think, probably one of the lights of the Ancient British Church, like many in the neighbouring county of Cornwall—such as St. Enoder, St. Ladoca, St. Erm, &c.—of whom only the name remains to testify to the veneration in which they were formerly held. And such alone, in many other cases, are the monuments of the men to whom we are indebted for the existence of our beloved Church, many of whom lived and died the death of martyrs in behalf of what we justly esteem our dearest possession. At the western end of the Church stands a lych gate,

not uncommon in Devonshire, though not usual elsewhere; and in that churchyard lies the body of a man whose murderer affords the last recorded instance of the infliction of burning as a punishment for the crime of poisoning. The epitaph is curious, and runs thus:

"Through poison strong he was cut off,
And brought to death at last:
It was by his apprentice girl,
On whom there's sentence past.
O, may all people warning take,
For she was burned to a stake!"

The tombstone bears date May 25, 1782; and the execution of the criminal was performed at Exeter; but, in her case, the burning did not take place until after death by hanging. Fearful as this sounds, it is some improvement on the punishment of boiling to death, which was enacted by statute 23 Henry VIII, 1532. This Act was occasioned by seventeen persons having been poisoned by Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. Margaret Davie, a young woman, suffered in a similar manner for a similar crime, in 1541. (See Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.)

The Church contains one of those elaborate screens which are so frequently seen in that neighbourhood; and the font is also worthy of observation.

Should these pages meet the eye of a botanist, it may be pleasant to know that the somewhat rare dadder (Cuscuta Epithymum) grows in profusion on the furze bushes on the top of this hill, continuing their beauty when the flowers are faded, by the delicate little pink blossoms, connected by filaments of the same colour, which entwine the stems like threads of silk. It is always a marvel how the Cuscuta contrives to exist on such a bare maintenance as the dry-looking furze affords, but it strikes me as an emblem of contentedness,

"Willing to give thanks, and live
On the least that Heaven may give;"

and the wonder is not lessened by observing how plump the little threads are, as full of sap as if they throve on the most succulent

nourishment. Here too we saw the hairy violet, but its rarity does not compensate for its want of perfume. Nearly all the Devonshire violets are destitute of fragrance, a circumstance for which I am at a loss to account, as well as for the total absence of nightingales from a county which I should have thought so particularly favourable for them.*

Did any one ever hear of nightingales being a nuisance? Probably not; but here is an instance which is well authenticated. Once upon a time the servants at Ditchingham Hall, in Suffolk, gave notice to leave in a body. An inquiry being made as to the cause of such general dissatisfaction, their mistress was gravely informed that they found sleep to be impossible, because "*them nightingales* made such *a noise!*" I can partially confirm this story from the experience which we had of their vocal powers when we resided in Bedfordshire: it was really intolerable to those who wanted sleep.

The effect of the lemon wreck, as we used to designate it, was to make that fruit very cheap in Salcombe for weeks afterwards. Every child you met was sucking a lemon with apparently as great satisfaction as if it were an orange. To such a pass did things arrive that fifty for sixpence were freely offered by those who had been lucky enough to secure a great many. We made a good stock of marmalade on the strength of it, and greatly did our friend Mr. Strong approve of our manufacture, though when I took him a jar of it he politely told me that he did not think I could have made anything so good!

* Since writing the above, I have read in White's "Selborne" his opinion that the deficiency of nightingales in Devonshire is to be attributed to the circumstance that they come from the Continent, cross the sea at the narrowest part, and do not penetrate so far into the country.

Torcross. E.L.

View from Mount Knowle.

CHAPTER IX.

TORCROSS.

We had heard much of the beauty of Torcross, and had long determined to see it, but the difficulty was always great, as no conveyance was to be hired, and there were obstacles of another sort to be overcome. At last it was suggested that we should try to approach it by water; so having made friends with one of the pretty boys with whom Salcombe abounds we sallied forth one fine April day to see what it was that attracted so much admiration.

Now for want of a better, the boy was to be our guide, but as he knew nothing beyond a place called Frogmore, which lay at the end of one of the little creeks I have described as running up from the estuary into the country, it might be thought that he would not prove of much use; but only the natives of the place are aware of the precise bed of the stream, which they call "the lake," and which is so capricious in its situation that a person unacquainted with it might easily run aground, and there be left to the mercy of a higher tide. This "lake" alone has water in it during all states of the tide, and sometimes that is little enough: we were therefore obliged to be very punctual in the times of our departure and returning, especially the latter, as we heard of instances in which people had been compelled to sleep in their boat all night.

Our boat was a heavy old lumbering affair, more suited to stormy seas than to inland navigation, twice too large for the party, but the only one to be procured; we therefore started in it—my husband, myself, E., and the boy to row, and L. to steer

according to the boy's directions. I suspect the youth's sense of propriety prevented his making any remarks upon our management of the oars, and it might perhaps have been humbling to overhear his comments when he returned to his family; but, as ignorance on this subject is bliss, we have the satisfaction of believing that our performance was unexceptionable.

With some little trouble we effected a landing on the shelving shore of Frogmore, after a row of four miles, and soon after started off into the country for a walk of about four more. Now Frogmore is just the sort of place I should not like to live in, for the water, which is pretty enough when the tide is at the highest, has an uncomfortable habit of disappearing almost entirely, and leaving in its place flat shoals of mud twice in the day, which are always sure to be the times when it is wanted to look its best: such at least has always been my experience in all places affected by the tide. Contrast, for instance, the lovely view from Clifton, with the rocks reflected in a full river, and the same view with the tide down, and only a small gutter of yellow-coloured water struggling along in the centre. The same may be said of Chepstow, where the want of water is still more apparent.

But to return to Frogmore, which perhaps is a delightful place to those who reside there, though it seemed so dreary to us. There seemed to be some little traffic in the village, as we observed several malthouses or cider stores built by the side of the river for the convenience of the water carriage; there was also a rather good bridge across the river, but beyond it there was no navigation. Many aquatic birds, such as gulls, herons, and curlews, were feeding on the muddy shores, making the most of their time before the tide should cover them. Dotterels also and smaller birds were there in numbers, sandpipers I think. The flight of a group of dotterels is very beautiful; when turned from the sun their grey colour renders them nearly invisible, but when their breasts receive his rays the sky appears sprinkled with steel beads,

so glittering do they appear. Marine vegetation had gradually ceased from the time we left Salcombe, and nothing was seen save the sea-weed with its golden fruit, and one or two of the sorts which can exist in brackish water; but the bed of the "lake" was filled with the Zostera Marina waving about like long grass on a windy day. This flowering grass, for such it is, forms the stuffing of mattresses sold by upholsterers under the name of Alva Marina, and comfortable and elastic bedding it makes. How many useful things are overlooked for want of observation! Our French neighbours are certainly beforehand with us in this respect. Many a poor person, with her family, lies on a wretched bed, because she will not take the trouble to collect dry beech leaves, which cost only the trouble of gathering, and would itself form a healthy and happy amusement to the little ones who are to sleep on them. The great scarcity of garden produce induced us this spring to try what our botanical books recommended so strongly —the gathering of the young shoots of hops, which abounded in the hedges, as a substitute for asparagus; and no one who has not tasted them will believe how good they were. The leaves of the sea beet, which abounded on the cliffs, were also tried as a substitute for spinach, and found to be nearly as good as the genuine article. I suspect that other people knew our secret, for I saw a man near Kingsbridge gathering them on the rocky side of the estuary. When to these we add water-cresses, which were everywhere plentiful, and samphire, good for pickles, I think a bill of fare will have been made out sufficiently tempting for the hermit who boasts

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn,
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;
But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring,
A scrip with herbs and roots supplied,
And water from the spring."

At all events, let those who are sceptical taste and try for themselves, and if they are at as great a loss as we were during that spring for fresh vegetables, they will be thankful to find a kitchen garden by the way-side. We have since tried nettles, as we advise others to do, and can affirm that they are excellent.

Apropos of good things, I must not forget to confirm Mr. Gosse's statement of the excellence of stewed sea anemones, which E. tried on his authority, and found to be delicious. Nothing like getting over a prejudice!

* * * *

"The day was placid in its going,
To a lingering sweetness bound,
Like a river in its flowing"——

Such might have been the description of the first really spring-like days we had known, as we walked along the now dusty road, with the hedges newly clothed in green, and the spring flowers bursting out at their feet. The ruins of a large house which we passed, and which had been destroyed by fire, contrasted sadly with the gaiety of the scene. But Nature had not left even this barren spot uncared for. Lichens of every shade of black, grey, and yellow, adorned the dreary pile, and seemed endeavouring to make up for what the fire had destroyed. In the chinks of the decaying walls might be found the delicate Saxifraga Tridactylites, turned to a bright scarlet by the cold winds, very tiny in exposed positions, but growing three or four inches high in more sheltered localities. From its small size and short time of growing, it is frequently overlooked: its flower bears a close resemblance to that favourite of city gardens, London Pride, to which indeed it is nearly allied.

As we proceeded, some parts of the road became agricultural and common place by comparison, till a little way before we reached the village of Stokenham. At that place the character of the road totally changed, and we came upon such clusters of

primroses as we seldom see. A small stream running by the side of the road reflected their blossoms on its dark bosom, and doubled their number; and one wreath in particular, with its reflections, appeared to form a crescent of the most delicate stars.

Now as we were not of the same turn of mind as Wordsworth's Peter Bell, of whom it said,

> "In vain through every changeful year,
> Did Nature lead him as before;
> A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more"—

we lingered long by the brook's side lost in admiration, greatly to the astonishment of the youth who accompanied us, and who was doubtless of the opinion that it was "nothing more," for he betook himself to the hermit's temperance banquet, and drank as only boys can drink who are very thirsty. I never see a bunch of primroses in a similar situation without recalling these, and I firmly believe that

> "Long as there's a sun that sets
> Primroses shall have their glory,"

for they are certainly amongst the loveliest gems of Flora's crown. Milton's "rathe" primrose means "early." It is a Saxon word, and, like many others if unexplained, sticks in one's mind, perhaps for life, a small lump of ignorance which never quite wears away under the friction of more newly acquired ideas.

The Church of Stokenham which we were approaching looked very well with its fine tower, to which was added the usual supplementary turret for the staircase, not on the south-west corner as is usual in the churches of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, but in the centre of the south side, and, I think, not with so good an effect; for it gives too much of a swollen appearance to the tower, and does not show so well from the surrounding landscape as the Bedfordshire turrets do, which form the staple of many of our picturesque illustrations. But I observed most of the fine stone

towers in this part of Devonshire built in the way I have described, and there seems to be a kind of fashion in certain districts. For instance, from the window of the room in which I write I can see eight spires, that of Higham Ferrers being the best known and the finest, whilst in Devonshire it might be difficult to find one. In Norfolk, where flint prevails, and stone is scarce, round towers are frequent, or square towers with stone buttresses. Soon after passing the Church and Parsonage, very rurally situated, we came upon a wide prospect of mingled land and water—most exquisite in its aerial tints of delicate greens, greys, and blues, softened by the distance to a kind of pearly white. The view was bounded on the left by a high ridge of hills, and on the right by the land running out to Start Point. A low flat extent of sandy country was intersected by a long lake of fresh water, full of reeds and other aquatic plants, and famous for its fishing and duck shooting. This is called Slapton Lea, and is one of the most interesting features in the neighbourhood, and I should think is nearly unique of its kind. It is about two miles in length, and is separated from the beach by a long ridge of gravel and stones which forms a road, so that the passenger may hear and see the foaming waves on the one hand, whilst the other presents all the unruffled features of an inland lake. The naturalist or sportsman would be charmed by witnessing the return of the flocks of wild swans, teal, widgeons, and the like, which frequent these waters, and by listening to their cries as they flutter down to their well remembered haunts. The Lea is full of fresh-water fish, which afford sport of a different kind from the rocky streams prevalent in most parts of the county; but this is not unfrequently interrupted by the incursions of the sea during an unusually high tide, which sweeps over the narrow barrier and destroys the fish, rendering the mere almost empty until it is again supplied with spawn brought in by the tributary springs. It is at all times well worthy of a visit, and I am glad we did not leave the neighbourhood without seeing it.

Passing round the end of the mere we reached the little village of Torcross, where the scene again changed completely. No longer any symptoms of vegetation, but a blue sea, dotted all over with bright brown sails. I am not a sufficiently good geologist to pronounce upon the rocks, nor have I a proper book at hand to make up my deficiencies, but they were of a delicate silvery grey, occasionally quite dazzling in the sun, and might therefore be called micaceous; and seemed more solid and square in their forms than those at Salcombe. The beach, if such it might be called, was entirely composed of stones of the most uncomfortable nature for walking: at every step we sank nearly a foot deep, getting our shoes full of pebbles, and gaining a lively notion of the penance of walking to Walsingham Shrine with peas in the shoes without the chance of boiling them. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, which may be avoided by keeping on the cliff, where the view is unquestionably finer, we thought Torcross a very sweet place, and are glad not to have omitted it.

Of course no sea-weeds were to be found, for they could make no attachment to such a shifting foundation, but their place was well supplied by many of the common zoophytes, such as Sertularias, Plumularias, Grantia, and the like, and we found fine specimens of the Jania and other Corallines: they were very elegant but stony-looking, like all the products of Torcross. Indeed all nature seemed to have been subjected to some petrifying process, and it needed but little imagination to fancy that some Gorgon of olden time had frowned the whole place into stone. A few star-fish, and the shells of crabs, seemed the cenotaphs of nature in this dreary abode, whilst the never-failing sea gulls hovered about in search of any waifs and strays which might be floating on the waters. However, thanks to an artistic eye, there is always something to sketch even in the most uninviting places, so whilst resting myself, I made a study of a bit of rock, which always pleases me when I look at it, though there may not

be much in it to the eye of a casual observer. The power of perceiving beauty however small, in common objects, is a subject of daily thankfulness, and I do think that the cultivation of artistic feeling, in however slight a degree, ought to be attended to by those to whose lot the education of youth falls, for it affords a fund of real enjoyment throughout life. There is hardly a scene, however humble, that does not offer some gratification to the eye of taste, whilst the endeavour to depict it always creates a quiet employment, which has at least the merit of not annoying any one else, and lays up a store of tangible reminiscences for future days. Whilst the rest of our party were strolling about, looking for specimens, or finding "sermons in stones," my thoughts reverted to the green and pastoral country in which till that time I had always lived, and the contrast which it afforded to present circumstances. Many a dear friend could I have wished to have had with me, to enjoy what was so truly charming to myself, but that being impossible I could only entrust them all to that Gracious Power which had led me all my life long, and brought me even to that place which of all others I enjoyed. One, alas! of those then present to my mind, "is not," but it is a comfort to me to think that she of all persons was not then forgotten.

My sketch under such circumstances proceeded but slowly, and my companions returned sooner than I was aware of, loaded with zoophytes of every description, which made quite a pretty group of stony-looking flowers: I have often seen them arranged with sea-weeds under the belief that they were of the same family. A few minutes more of rest, and a few last looks towards the Start Point lighthouse which lay in the extreme distance between us and the Bolt Head, and we turned our backs with some regret on a spot which we never expected to see again, and addressed ourselves to our journey home. I believe we were all more sorry to leave than the boy, who seemed lost in astonishment as to what

motive we could have had in coming so far to do nothing but walk on the stones, whilst he had enjoyed the comfort of a sound sleep. This, with the addition of some cider which he obtained at one of the little shops in the place, so refreshed and invigorated him that he opened his heart, and imparted much of his private history to our not unwilling ears. I never have the heart to refuse a boy's confidence; it does him good to let him speak his mind, and who knows the use a friendly little word may be to one not resolutely bent on evil perhaps, though not quite determined on a better course?

It is all very well to go out for a day's pleasure, and to enjoy the whole thing very much, but then the return! that is, and always has been, the difficulty. One's strength and spirits are very apt to give way just at the very point when they are most wanted, and I have heard of misunderstandings and all sorts of unpleasantness arising at the end of picnics and such-like excursions merely because people were too tired to be polite. I am pleased to say, however, that such was not our fate. We reached the boat just at the right time, when the river was full of water, and the tide beginning to run down. This sped our oars to a considerable extent, although we did occasionally get on the mud, from want of experience as to the position of the "lake." We sat then in the same order in which we had started, and found the old saying true that a change of work is as good as a bait, at least so it proved to us, though I am not prepared to say that horses, for whose especial use the proverb was apparently designed, would be so willing to endorse the sentiment; at any rate, the relief afforded by exercising another set of muscles is undeniably great. We passed Halwell Wood, looking bright and cheerful in the evening sun, and carpeted with blue bells and wood anemones, and looking out for our friend Mr. Strong as we passed his windows, we finally reached the Orestone, which is the entrance to Salcombe from the water, and close to the Preventive station.

The view had increased in beauty as we reached Salcombe, and the bold headlands at the mouth of the harbour, though at some distance, gained much in height from being seen from the level of the water. I once heard one of the captains who had been in all the sea-ports of England, and many of those in foreign parts, declare that he never saw anything to equal the mouth of Salcombe Harbour for sublimity and beauty, and it always struck him in the same light whenever he returned from his voyages.

Our landing being safely effected, and the boy dismissed to his supper, we began a rather toilsome ascent (for tired persons) to the house which had now become our home, for we had moved, not without regret, from the front of the shipwrights' yard to a pretty villa on the higher part of the hill behind the town, and to tell the truth, thoughts of the good meal which we intended to make occupied our minds to the exclusion of everthing else. But O! vanity of human wishes! when we reached our lodgings, instead of finding the comfortable table spread for our refreshment, and the kettle boiling over with impatience for our return, we found the house shut up, the cat mewing piteously for her evening meal, not a creature to be seen high or low, and worst of all, the kitchen fire was out! What a finale to a day's pleasure! Fortunately for us, Salcombe has the reputation of being a very honest place, and the person in charge, convinced of this, had not troubled herself to fasten the windows; so my husband having managed to effect a burglarious entrance into the house, came and opened for us the glass folding doors of the sitting room, and admitted us into our own premises.

There was no time for grumbling; master, mistress, and visitors, all set to work, animated by the same desire of getting something to eat. The master, always great in blowing up a fire, undertook the the teakettle department, which, to do him justice, was accomplished in a masterly style, and by means of foraging in all sorts of out-of-the-way cupboards and closets, an impromptu

sort of picnic was produced, and as hunger is notoriously the best sauce, no comments on the style of the feast were attempted.

His worst enemy must have been pacified could he have seen the mortified, deprecating look which our landlord (otherwise not generally deficient in self-esteem) assumed when he returned from his employment, and found how his women-kind had treated us. After many apologies, which we did not think it politic to accept too graciously, lest a repetition of the offence should be attempted, he retired, but scarce had he left the room one minute when he returned with his final determination—"Madam, I shall *never* have any respect for my niece again!"

CHAPTER X.

THE SPRING. SEWER MILL SANDS.

"The poets vaunt autumnal tints too much:
There is a season, a brief twenty days,
Intercalated between summer's rays
And the green flush of spring, when tints are such
As, for their depth and rich variety,
Autumnal colouring do outvie,
In shading delicate and grace of touch.

The gilded oak, the willow's pale sea green,
The sable pine with brilliant larches blending,
And the fair birch its glossy plumage lending
To mediate the light and dark between:
The yellow beech, the manly sycamore,
And clouds of cherry blossoms floating o'er,
May well out-do sad autumn's broidered scene.

And all is joy or hope in earth or sky,
'Tis not like autumn's pensive power, that lies
In beautiful decay, which we so prize
Because it is a glory passing by;
But a sweet sense that flowers are under foot,
And that long evenings now are taking root,
And summer days foreshadowed pleasantly."

This is the very piece of poetry which I wanted to express what we all so often felt on the return of the spring of 1855; and if it had been actually written on the road which led into Salcombe from above Woodville, it would not have expressed in more lively colours the entire beauty of the scene. The beech and larch trees were in their brightest dress, relieved by clusters of the dark pines which grow in loving brotherhood amongst them, and it wanted the pencil of a Creswick to do them justice. We now frequently

walked up this road, to regale our eyes on the almost forgotten colour green, for during the whole of the winter it had slipped as it were out of our prism, save when we saw it on the transparent sea. The sense of novelty made it as welcome to us as a hard frost is to children. Be that as it may, we children of a larger growth got very restless, and determined upon another walking excursion, which, like many more important things in this life, took longer to talk about than to execute.

One morning, however, when my husband and myself had scarcely finished our breakfast, the figure of E. appeared at the glass doors of our sitting-room, looking the perfection of spring attire; a new lilac-and-white muslin, with a slight scarf—a sort of apology for putting on nothing, with a delicate sun bonnet of blue silk, completed her attire as she stood before us, all animation at the thought of what she was going to propose. "Who's for Sewer Mill Sands?" said she, holding up a basket of good things which she had brought with her. Now I had promised myself a quiet morning to write letters, finish sketches, or if absolutely necessary, not otherwise (trust me) to mend a few very imperative holes. But who could stay at home such a morning as that was? Not I, certainly!

All scruples being perhaps too easily overcome, I consented to accompany herself and her sister on the long-promised walk to Sewer Mill Cove, of which Mr. Strong had so often spoken in such high terms.

Of course we did not know the way—people never do when they set out for any thing desperate, but having obtained a few contradictory directions, we started. Our road at first lay by the usual way to the Moult, passing the old Castle, now looking bright and cheerful in the sun. Herring gulls and gannets, hovering about the water, showed us where the shoals of white mullet were to be met with, and gave us also the prospect of a dish of fish, which we had missed of late, whilst the black shags

perched on the highest parts of the rocks, were awaiting their prey. The thorns were just putting forth their buds on the hedge at the back of the Moult grounds: here and there were large patches of beautiful green leaves, which cheated us with promise of lilies of the valley, but which proved on nearer inspection to be the Alliaria or Ramsoms, and smelt like dirty onions—more disappointing than could be imagined. Primroses here and there raised their delicate golden heads amongst the now lengthening grass, and the Veronica showed its sapphire blossoms on the sunny side of the road, whilst all kinds of grasses were springing up to testify to the truth that "seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, should not cease." Have you ever closely noticed the exquisite symmetry and proportions of this much neglected beauty? the delicacy of its colouring, yellowish or pearly green; the strong cylindrical reed which supports the flower, jointed in many places for greater strength, and gradually decreasing in diameter as it approaches the top, where it becomes of a hair-like fineness. Are you aware that we build our houses and church towers on the same principle? decreasing the thickness of the wall for the purpose of giving them a lighter weight to sustain. And above all, have you never remarked its unfailing supply, springing up where anything short of a moss can grow, so that no place can be absolutely barren so long as it retains its power of clothing all man's fresh works with its "lucid robe." How it hastens to cover our railway embankments, which without it would be a perpetual eyesore! and see how the little annual grass strives to conceal the raw-looking gravel which our gardeners are so fond of. The provision for supplying the immense quantity of seed which its fertile nature requires is something astonishing. Two or three generations of Poa Annua will grow and seed in one year.

Passing behind the Moult, we came to the South Sands, and turning our backs on the sea, we proceeded up the valley towards

the village of Malborough. The novelty of the road, with its high cliff on one side, and meadows bounded by hills on the other, beguiled its length, and after various experiences of its nature, bad, good, and indifferent, for about three miles, we reached a farm-house, which lay apparently directly in the way to the Sands, for we had to ask leave to go through the farm-yard to accomplish our object. This was willingly granted, and we flatter ourselves that the sight of a human being out of their own circle was sufficient compensation for any favour that could be asked, so very lonely did the place appear. There was nothing to indicate that we were approaching the sea, but at the end of a lane the prospect suddenly opened on a flat plain of sand enclosed on both sides by lofty cliffs, with the view seawards partly blocked up by an enormous mass of rock called Preston Clerks, or more probably Priest and Clerks, as the rocks on the coast of Dawlish were called the Parson and Clerk when both were there; but the Clerk was washed away in a storm some years since, and now the Parson stands alone.

This spot of sand presented an image of the most perfect peace and quiet imaginable. A large and very shallow pool, left by the receding tide, reflected the blue tints of the sky on its mirror-like expanse. A flock of gulls, whose tameness was anything but "shocking" to us, was wading in the shallowest parts, enjoying their bath, and at the same time searching for sandworms and aquatic insects, which on this iron-bound coast are rare delicacies. It looked like an invasion of their territory to disturb them, and I felt happy that no one carrying a gun was of our party; the temptation would have been irresistible, I dare say, but nothing annoys me so much as the wanton destruction of creatures which seem made to contribute to our happiness whilst increasing their own. A small stream falling over rocks and stones, together with the length of the walk I had already taken, tempted me to sketch and rest at the same time, and my compa-

nions left me for the purpose of exploring the rocks. They returned after a time with astonishing accounts of the fissures they had discovered, and the quaint form of the rocks on the right hand side; so after some refreshment, of which we stood greatly in need, we commenced the ascent of the cliffs which lay on our left, and from which we beheld a prospect which will not soon be forgotten.

The little cove lay at our feet, serene and quiet as we had left it, our footprints still visible on the sand, whilst beyond it our eyes ranged over a vast extent of sea and rocks curiously intermingled; Bigbury Bay, containing many strangely shaped rocks and coves, some of them rarely accessible by water; after that, Bolt Tail, which is frequently confounded with Bolt Head which we had left behind us on the left; whilst beyond Bolt Tail, and rising out of the sea at a distance from the cliffs, we could see Rame Head and the Mewstone which stands at the mouth of Plymouth harbour; and finally the view was closed by the grey cliffs of the Cornish coast, resting on the bosom of the water like banks of mist. The local rhyme

> "Higher Rew, Lower Rew,
> Rew Rew Hill:
> Higher Sewer, Lower Sewer,
> Sewer Sewer Mill,"

was probably inspired by the view from this spot. The Eddystone lighthouse is visible in the same direction at certain times of the day, and in certain states of atmosphere, but we did not see it. Looking back, we saw all the coast indented in like manner, but the rocks did not generally appear so bold, perhaps from the contrast with the Bolt Head, which has such a proud pre-eminence. Vegetation on these lofty hills was scanty enough, but patches of thrift and brownish furze promised a sufficient variety of colour in due time. The scurvy grass would grow, though terribly stunted, and a person who had only seen it in such situations would fail to recognise the plant in its more succulent form in the moister situations below.

We saw the station house, inhabited by a party of Coast-guard men alternately with the Salcombe party, and dreary enough it looked, like a little white sentry box, which seemed so frail as to be in danger of being blown over by some of the terrific blasts for which the situation is famous. The sea-gulls were beginning to mate, and flocks of them were selecting their future homes in the inaccessible rocks, which people find means of plundering nevertheless. The path was marked out for us by the stones which the Preventive-men whiten as they project from the sod, to serve as an indication of their way in the dark and dreary nights when they have to walk on the rocks merely for the purpose of being known to be there. Government no doubt thinks that prevention is better than cure, but smugglers would find it no joke to run a cargo of contraband goods in such terrible seas as we have witnessed on this part of the coast, where every place is more or less dangerous. Notwithstanding this I am informed that Hope—a place not far distant—has had a great pre-eminence in the smuggling line.

Descending from our lofty post of observation, we met by appointment one of our party, and then set out to return home together. How monotonous did the fields and roads appear to us who had so lately been feasted with such variety of beauty! But every thing must have its turn, and it is certain that we must soon starve if all the country were like what we had just left. So Speed the plough! and Long live the farmers! May their wheat fields never be mildewed, nor their cattle suffer diminution! In spite, however, of agriculture, that bane of all botanists, I found some plants of Adiantum Lanceolatum, and also made acquaintance with a beautiful Conferva growing in a rapid stream, like coarse green hair.

We met with an unexpected treat in finding our tea prepared for us at the cottage on the South Sands, by the kind forethought of my husband, who had left the materials on his way to meet

us. Surely never were homely luxuries more appreciated. Mrs. Snowden is the *beau ideal* of a cottager's wife—clean apron, good bread and butter included, and we continued the acquaintance to the great satisfaction of ourselves as well as of other friends to whom we afterwards introduced her.

Lavars lith Broad St Hall, Bristol

E L Delt

CHAPTER XI.

LORD COURTENAY'S WALK.

ANOTHER approach to the same range of cliffs must be described, for it is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood, and would form the chief feature in the new town which Salcombe is to make one of these days, when the railway, for which a preliminary meeting has been already held, is made to Kingsbridge, and from thence to join the South Devon. Then, indeed, Torquay must look to its honours.

The approach lies by the road I have already mentioned; and passing the South Sands, we commence the ascent of the hill on the right side of the harbour, and after crossing a rather dreary piece of dry down, reach a gate which forms the entrance to a beautiful walk, cut about half way down the magnificent cliffs, and bordered by ferns, brambles, foxgloves, and heath; in fact, all the plants which will grow with but little soil to support them. Here and there an orchis peeps out, and later the ground is blue with the flowers of the dwarf Scabious, which grows in profusion. The little Burnet rose too shows its delicately cut leaves and purple thorns, jealously guarding its cream-coloured blossoms, scented like attar of roses, from the too venturesome hand. Large tufts of Iris Fœtidissima, the wild purple Iris, and Butcher's Broom supply a darker green to the picture, and enliven by their scarlet berries the winter scene.

Suddenly the path becomes obstructed by rocks, which allow only a narrow egress, and soon after, on turning a sharp corner,

we find ourselves in a most exposed situation, the path strewed with slippery fragments which have fallen down from the Sharp Tors, which tower above our heads like ruined castles. The cove thus formed by this point is called Starehole Bay, and contains a large cavern, extending to a fabulous length, and is also believed to be the site of an ancient Danish settlement. From some of the fissures the Stag's Horn lichen depends, so nearly approaching the colour of the rocks as to make it difficult to find. The larger rocks out of the reach of the spray are covered with lichens of a deep golden colour, or a brickish red; whilst the little Sedum Anglicum, inserting itself into all unoccupied crevices, reddened by exposure to wind and cold to a fine ruby tint, added to that of the sheep's sorrel and wild geranium, complete the colouring of the tesselated pavement of the footpath. Amongst the furze bushes large quantities of the Bloody Cranesbill might be found.

But what are those shining black objects which rest so motionless on the yellow rocks, the sun making them glow with a greenish lustre? As we approach they scarcely seem to acknowledge our presence by raising their heads, although some of us endeavour to make them more aware of it by flinging stones at them, but only learn from the experiment how very far they are beyond our reach. At last one of the cormorants, for such they are, makes a dart and seizes some unfortunate fish, at which the rest take courage, and edge a little nearer in hopes of meeting with similar good luck. They frequently fly inland nearly to the end of the creek at Kingsbridge; and the Salcombe ferryman told us that being attracted by seeing a sort of scuffle going on in the water, and putting out his boat to get a nearer view, he saw that a "shag," as he calls them, had, in his endeavour to capture a large haddock, been drawn under the water, and had in his turn pulled up the fish to the surface, whilst he with his boat-hook secured them both.

Lower down we once saw some pied oyster catchers, standing on the rocks barely covered with the sea, searching for shell-fish, their red legs looking very picturesque in contrast with their black-and-white plumage; so much so, that I fancy our sea-side belles must have taken the hint, and adopted shepherd's plaid and red stockings out of sheer emulation. When I add the Cornish choughs, now becoming scarce, with their curved beaks and red legs, together with the numberless goldfinches, stonechats, and whinchats which are always enjoying themselves on these pleasant pasturages, I think that Lord Courtenay ought to resign his title to this walk in favour of "The Naturalists." All kinds of gannets, herring-gulls, and other aquatic birds, disport themselves in the clear green sea below, affording in their innocent enjoyment of life an unfailing source of delight to those who have learnt

> "Never to blend their folly or their pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing which feels."

At the Sharp Tors the "Walk," properly so called, ends; but a footpath worn in the scanty herbage is perceptible, and leads to the Bolt Head, which, seen from that side, is of a magnificent height, and of a fine bold fracture and blackish colour. We see from this point the whole extent of the bay, shut in by the opposite headland called Prawle Point, containing some fine scenery, the chief beauty of which is Mazely Cove, to be described in another chapter. Turner's picture of the Bay of Baiæ presents a striking similarity to this scene, making allowance of course for the Italian foreground with dancing nymphs, &c.

We had arranged with one of the Preventive-men to meet us at this place, and in company with him we walked to the white station house, known as the Signal House. Many were the beautiful spots which he showed us on our way. Sometimes Bolt Head appeared as if shut in by the surrounding hills; at other times it stood in solitary grandeur, the "monarch of the scene," reminding us of Goldsmith's description. At another point the

sea would appear set like a sapphire between dark brown cliffs, relieved by streaming ivy, and O!

> "How fearful and how dizzy 'twas
> To cast our eyes so low."

One sweet little cove we always remember with pleasure: it was formed by a long fissure in the rocks, running a considerable way into the land. Large rocks plentifully scattered about on the top afforded shelter for numberless little ferns and other delicate plants. The smaller rocks with which the cliffs were covered at their base presented constant obstruction to the waves, so as to keep them in perpetual foam, and thus fringing Ocean's blue mantle with exquisite lace. Gentle sheep were nibbling near us, and overhead the larks were treating us to a concert in which all the performers were amateurs and did their best.

> "Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
> Or wakes the spectral forms of woe or crime!
> Whilst Nature sings of hope and joy alone,
> Reading her tuneful lesson in her own sweet time."

Of course sketch book and colours were called into requisition; but "Who can paint like nature?" This charming spot was called Off Cove.

Our guide conducted us along the edge of the cliff to the Signal House, leaving us to pursue our ramble in the direction which he pointed out, and return to a tea which he had promised to provide. Before leaving he took us to quite a kind of turret on the cliffs, (at least it appeared so when we looked down from it) and showed us the gulls all screaming and busy, selecting their future homes. Their cries, wild and discordant as they then sounded, would I dare say be fine when heard in a storm or such-like circumstances. From thence we wandered to the top of the cliffs above Sewer Mill Sands, and then returned to the station, cold—I cannot say how cold it became as we met the full force of the wind, and felt the lessening power of the sun. Our entertainer, "on hospitable

cares intent," aware of this, had lighted the most enormous fire to give us a warm reception in a room not more than eight feet square. A few cups and saucers he had borrowed, and water-cresses of prodigious size had been culled for us by his own hands. A pewter salt dish and one large iron spoon were laid ready to eat the eggs which he prepared to boil for us. We made the tea, and then watched his proceedings. After procuring a very large saucepan and putting the eggs into it, he sat down to blow the fire which at Her Majesty's expense was already made large enough to roast a dinner for twenty men. He never left off one moment till the watch told us that the eggs were cooked, and even then we had to request him to desist, as we found ourselves so intensely hot that we could bear it no longer, which I fear he thought rather ungrateful. He had taken immense pains with his toilette. "Time had not thinned his flowing hair," but only grizzled it, and it was coquettishly arranged in ringlets all round his head, leaving, however, little apertures for the earrings to peep through. Can any one say why sailors are so fond of ringlets and earrings? Some of the older ones a few years ago pertinaciously stuck to the pigtail, but that generation is wearing out. At all events Richards was "himself" that afternoon, and I longed to paint him on the spot. If I had but a photograph of him! He was a self-taught naturalist, great in birds, and had the reputation of being an unerring shot, and sadly he lamented that his age had deprived him of the pleasure of laying a gun at the "Rooshians," but assured us that it would not prevent his taking as good an aim as many a younger man; for, having been a man-of-war's man in his youth, he rather fretted at the compulsory inaction of his present life. If his aim were as good as has been represented, it is fortunate for the Russians that he was thus incapacitated, for their sufferings as human beings were too often overlooked in our complacency at our own victories. I used frequently to call to mind a remark I remember hearing a great and good man make

when I was a child. The conversation turned on the loss a gentleman had sustained in having his stables consumed, and carriage and riding-horses burnt to death, by a fire made in attempting to destroy a wasp's nest. Every one was pitying the horses and some pointers, which had also shared the same fate, when our friend quietly remarked "Yes, indeed! very sad for the horses and dogs, but I observe that nobody has thought of the poor wasps!"

CHAPTER XII.

SPLAT COVE.

This little recess at the entrance of Lord Courtenay's walk was a place to which we frequently directed our steps at low water, in search of the sea-weeds which grew abundantly on the pools in the rocks above it. Indeed, we were fain to make it our garden, for want of another, and learned to take as much pleasure in the growth of our marine favourites as in any terrestial garden we had ever possessed. The bottom of the Cove was rather difficult of access, as some of the rock had been unfairly cut away in the endeavour to make an entrance to an iron mine, which, however, proved an unprofitable speculation, and was soon abandoned. The entrance of the shaft forming a cavern looking towards the sea presents a sight of great interest to the botanist, for it is fringed with very long fronds of the Asplenium Marinum, which grow in profusion, constantly enjoying a bath from the sea foam, which seems essential to their prosperity. In a cultivated state heat seems to apply the same stimulant as salt to this fern, but the fronds assume a rather more compact form than when found wild. At all events moisture and shade are essential to their prosperity, for the specimens which grow on the cliffs above are so stunted as with difficulty to be recognised as belonging to the same species. Many of the sea-loving plants grow in situations barely escaping the salt water, such as the Arenarias, Sedum, and Samphire, and I found also the little Catenella Opuntia growing in small black tufts on the higher parts of the rocks, hardly ever getting a drop of sea-water, saving from the foam, or from very

high tides. It is difficult to suppose it to be a real sea-weed, but I call it so on the authority of Dr. Harvey. There was also another plant much resembling it, and in similar situations, called in "Landsborough's Introduction" Lychnea Pygmea, and it is a disputed point whether this latter be really a sea-weed or only a lichen. Although so much alike to the general observer they will be found very different when viewed through a magnifying glass. It is then seen, with other differences, that the colour of the former is a dull purple, whilst that of the latter is a dark green.

The floor of these caverns was strewed with shells, all wearing that thickened look which collectors call "dead," that is, the animals had died out of them long before they were washed ashore; and we had here an opportunity of seeing one of the beaches in course of formation, which are pointed out by geologists as indications of the former presence of the sea in counties now far inland. They appeared to be accumulating up to high water mark, when depositions from the top would by degrees fall in and consolidate the mass. When the tides were low we could see the living animals in great profusion clinging to the sides of the rock. The Lapillus Purpurea, limpets, and others might be found in abundance. The bivalve shells usually burrow in the sand or mud more within the harbour, where also at the right season the Pecten and the Pinna might be found. I remember soon after our arrival at Salcombe we were promised as a great treat some scallops, which we had never before tasted: day after day we enquired for them, but were told that until the snow fell they would not rise. This statement, though strange, proved true, and no sooner did a few flakes fall than we beheld the water covered with little boats eager to be the first to bring the coveted dainties into the town. I do not know what induced them to rise afterwards without the snow, but it is certain that they were to be had far into the spring.

Landsborough says that the scallops dance most merrily; and there does seem a strange power of locomotion in some of the bivalve species, for I have read elsewhere (in "Glaucus," I believe) of the clatter made by some of the thorny cockles which were left in a plate by themselves. I much regretted the absence at the time of a competent instructor in such matters, and was obliged to reserve my admiration for the handsome shell, which figures so frequently in the arms of those who claim to be descended from the Knights of St. John. The Salcombe people, who cared very little for associations connected with "cockled hat and staff," nevertheless received it implicitly that, according to the nursery song, "cockle shells" were a correct ornament for a garden, and so all their small plots of flowers were bordered with them. Indeed we can hardly think of a Salcombe garden without the invariable myrtle, which would excite the envy of gardeners elsewhere, growing in the middle of a small mound, sustained at its proper height by means of these useful shells, which form substitutes for spade, trowel, firepan, and dust shovel, in many cottages; and also keep hot the dinner of the little cockle or squin boy who has been beguiled by his success into forgetting his mid-day meal.

But to return to Splat Cove. Hanging from the rocks below we could find at low tides many beautiful sea-weeds, such as the Ptilota Sericea with its invariable parasite, also many varieties of the Polysiphonia with its thread-like stems; and once, and only once, did I find a decayed specimen of the Bryopsis Plumosa, but it was the wrong season of the year for it.

The rocks were incrusted with slimy reddish brown and green sponges, and numberless other things of which I know not the names, and never till then had an opportunity of seeing. Occasionally a small cuttle-fish might be found, but the pools above were the most interesting, as at all times we could see their contents. Here I once found the Griffithsia Setacea with its crimson silky threads, and not then knowing its peculiarity, was

surprised to see its colour fading away when placed in fresh water. Its fruit grew on little pedicles as described by Harvey and others, and I much regret I did not preserve the specimen. Harvey says that the fine colour is instantly given out with a crackling noise, occasioned by the membrane bursting, on coming in contact with fresh water, and it is a curious circumstance that fresh water as effectually destroys the life of marine plants as salt applied in too great quantities does that of land vegetation. Both facts seem to indicate a higher degree of sensibility than is easily explained, and there are other circumstances in the physiology of sea-weeds which are very difficult to interpret by any known rules. The seed spores of some of the green algæ have been thought to be endowed with a low degree of animal life, and the sensitive plant is somewhat analogous to it. Thus we see that Nature, though full of harmonies, is equally full of paradoxes, and our limited powers of observation forbid the hope of ever being able to reach the whole, which may possibly be reserved as part of the employment of a blest eternity. All these beauties cannot have been created in vain, and if the means of observing them are denied to our imperfect senses in this life, is there anything unreasonable in the thought that a more exalted state of being will be better fitted for the reception of greater knowledge?

The pools also contained many corallines and some of the rarer green algæ: the Codium Tomentosum was there, looking like pieces of ginger root overgrown with moss, and as soft as velvet to the touch. The fronds of the Ulva Linza, like tempting young green lettuce, were beginning to grow again after their winter rest, though at no time were the pools ever without them. These, relieved by some of the smaller crimson sorts, form beautiful studies of colour, which we were never tired of contemplating, but which it would be hopeless to reproduce on paper, for they must be quite unintelligible to the majority of observers.

Returning from the end of the walk above, we feasted our eyes

with ever fresh delight on the prospect landwards. The water far below us glided on till it appeared dilated into a lake-like expanse beyond the harbour, the entrance to which was marked by buoys, looking like gigantic pins stuck into pincushions of rock, and shining red in the sun. The Moult, peeping from its *entourage* of trees, was only visible at certain places on account of the extreme bend of the shore. Then the eye rested on Sandhill Cottage above, and on the Castle below. Woodville further on looked out from its nest, and then a few houses and a little knot of shipping marked the situation of the town, surrounded as it was by hills on all sides; the whole forming a scene which for variety and beauty is rarely to be met with. Occasionally we have seen heavy clouds charged with hail blow over all on a sudden, and everything would appear wintry and desolate; the water a dark leaden colour, and the foam scarcely white. In a few minutes a hope of better things might be discerned in the distance; narrow streaks of light, making the water look of a pale green, would be seen playing on the surface; the hills would discover patches of colour on their brown summits, the furze glow with its golden glory, and

> "All this leafless and uncoloured scene
> Flush into variety again"——

These dissolving views would be repeated many times on a "peevish April day," always with the effect of leaving our judgment as to which was the most beautiful trembling in the balance.

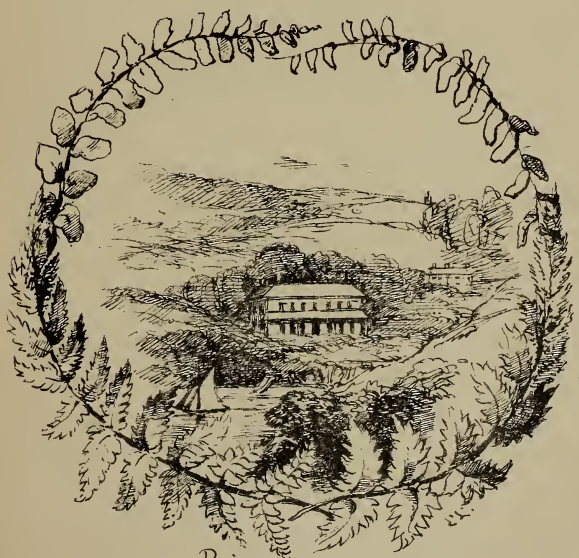
CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOULT.

I HAVE said but little of this pretty seat because I feel that the season of the year in which we first saw it was not the most calculated to show it to advantage; but a description of Salcombe would be incomplete without it.

After many alterations and improvements, it has of late become the property of Lord Courtenay (the present Earl of Devon), and it would be simply impertinent in a stranger like myself to make any remarks upon the house; but the gardens contain treasures long accumulated which florists and botanists would go far to see. The conservatory wall contains the finest oranges and limes, I should think, in England—at the same time, those of Woodville and Cliff House are splendid, and have not so much protection; but the glory of this place lies in its flowering shrubs and rare trees, the exceeding mildness of the climate favouring the growth of the more tender coniferæ, which have of late years been so much cultivated; and we saw a Norfolk Island pine, which had lived four years, but had at last fallen a victim to the severity of the winter of 1854. This tree will not endure a lower temperature than thirty degrees; and it is a proof of the average mildness of Salcombe winters that it should have stood so long. The Australian gum tree, with its blueish foliage and white stems, flourishes here; and the remarks of travellers on the disagreeable tint of the Australian landscape seem fully borne out by the specimen we saw. All such evergreens as rhododendrons, kal-

The Moult.



Ringrone —

mias, and the larger heaths are rampant, as are fuschias and passion flowers, to say nothing of myrtles, large and small leaved, which ripen a prodigious quantity of berries. I have a drawing of two sorts of passion flowers, white and a dark crimson, with large golden fruit as big as a Mogul plum, which bears date December 21st! Climate again! There are large quantities of New Zealand flax (Phormium Tenax) looking like handsome iris leaves, and Arums, or Nile lilies, growing in pools made for them. Hydrangeas of enormous size, and verbena, with stems the thickness of a man's arm, grew here, as well as in the garden of the bee-hive roofed cottage in which we lodged. A water lily new to me, called the Snake's Head, grew in a basin round a fountain; and it certainly presented a curious resemblance to the head of a viper, the petals being armed with rows of teeth. Altogether it was one of Flora's pet establishments, and Tennyson might have been inspired to write "The Gardener's Daughter" within its shades. One peep of the Castle from a rising bit of ground would have made a fine picture for any Pre-Raphaelite who would have had the patience to paint the foreground of flowers, which added so much to the beauty of the subject. I have always regretted that we did not study the contents of this garden more than we did: the want of a good guide, and our natural preference for wilder scenery, is the only reason I can give.

The Moult stands on a rocky ridge between the North and South Sands, in which places alone is there any approach to a beach; but here the billows break in their full majesty, occasionally even surmounting the barrier at the bottom of the garden, though this is of rare occurrence. It is possible, but very difficult, at extremely low tides, to walk from one sand to the other in front of the Moult: our young friends accomplished this feat once, but at the expense of great anxiety to myself, who waited on the South Sands full of fears for their safety in their unknown path.

A few years since the gardener at the Moult, when rising early to attend to his hothouse fires, was astonished at the apparition of a man walking about amongst his shrubs, apparently in great distress. A sad tale had the poor fellow to tell. His vessel had been wrecked in the night, and himself thrown on the rocks in the dark by some extraordinarily high wave. He had no idea where he was, and could hear nothing of his poor shipmates; but the morning dawn showed him the wreck of his vessel and the loss of every man on board. After being kindly cared for by the gardener's wife, he found his way to the town with his piteous tale, where he received the relief usually given to shipwrecked mariners. It would be interesting to know the after history of this man—whether his wonderful escape had any serious effect on him, or whether he regarded it merely as an incident not unexampled in his way of life. It was probably less wonderful to him than to us stay-at-home people; but still the sudden loss of so many of his companions must have affected him deeply.

The North Sands are remarkable for containing the remains of a submerged forest, which seems to have been overthrown by some unrecorded disruption of the land which forms the hills on either side; or, perhaps, a body of water descending from the country above Hanger Mill, and sweeping everything in its way towards the sea, would have the same effect. Geologists tell us that very wonderful things have been accomplished by the agency of waterspouts—the whole surface of a tract of country changed by them; but one can hardly think this to have been the cause, though it might have been. A stream flows from Hanger Mill to the sea, which may be the remains of a greater body of water, for the fields on each side are evidently flattened by its agency. The roots of fir trees and oaks could be recognised at low tides, and at such times the sea would be full of small fragments of decayed wood, and wash up like the rinsings of a teapot: large quantities of sea-weed also might be found, and carts from the

neighbourhood would come down for the purpose of conveying it away for manure. We always tried to be present at such times, not only for the purpose of enjoying the picturesque sight, but also to endeavour to find the shells of the Pholas, which bore their way through the half-rotten wood, though they are equally capable of working through stone; but I suspect it must always be limestone, or some sorts which can be affected by the secretion of an acid which they are said to possess. The long stems, leaves, and roots of the Laminaria—"Tangle," as they call them—which had become loosened from their hold by the winter's storm assisting probably their natural decay, were the most prized by the gatherers; and the patient "mulleys" carried away loads of them in their wooden panniers to the potato grounds of their thrifty masters. Sea-weed forms an important item in the economy of the small farms of the neighbourhood, as very little stock seems to be kept, and the fields become much denuded of earth from their high slopes. I was told that many farmers carry every year soil from the bottom to the top of the fields, which seems necessary, for we often found ourselves much above the ankles in the loose soil accumulated at the foot of the hills on the Portlemouth side of the estuary. The farmers have in use a peculiar kind of sledge called a butt, on which turnips and such-like produce are placed, and drawn up to the tops of the hills, and transferred to carts ready to receive them. Hay and corn are chiefly saved on horseback, piled up on wooden saddles, so heavy as to be a sufficient load of themselves; for it would be impossible for wheeled carts to ascend such steep hills. In Bailey's Dictionary the arms of the Saddlers' Company are depicted thus—a chevron between three saddles, which are represented exactly like those still used for the purposes I have described. The furrows are placed in a kind of circle, to avoid the necessity of going directly up or down hill. But the great article of rural manufacture is the cider, for which some of the hamlets are famous.

Our friend Mr. W. will tell you that there is no cider like that from Horsecombe; and I believe he is right, for I never tasted any to equal it. Others will prefer it from another orchard, and talk as learnedly about strength and flavour as connoisseurs when discussing the merits of "42 port" or some wonderful "dry sherry."

It was certainly very pleasant, whilst taking a long walk, to be able to purchase a tumbler of this delightful beverage for a penny, though I question whether the practice was a very wholesome one. Still less to drink water on which the sun was shining, as some said, though I never could see the reason of the prohibition, for I should have thought on the contrary that the sun would exercise a beneficial effect rather than otherwise; but it is difficult to account for, still more to combat, vulgar errors, which, when not actually injurious, may well be left for experience and better education to counteract.

I have hitherto said nothing about the aloes which grow at Salcombe in a marvellous manner. Everybody who has the room to spare thinks it necessary to have one or two of these strange productions. There was a splendid one, and certainly the finest, in the lower garden of Cliff House, which, with two of Mr. Strong's, and one at the Moult, flowered in the summer of 1855, and I have not heard of any flowering since. It was thought that the unusual cold of the preceding winter had given them a check, and thus forced them into blossom, as is the case with other plants.

Mr. Strong's aloes grew in his garden on the cliff which overhangs the estuary, and must have formed a beautiful object from the water. The flowers, which grow in large tufts, are of a greenish yellow colour, and the whole plant about twenty-seven feet in height when the huge flower stalk has reached its full development, having grown at the rate of four inches per diem. The rocky nature of the soil combined with the warm moist air seems

to be exactly suited to their growth. The first aloe of which I could find an account flowered in the upper garden of Cliff House, and was twenty-eight feet in height: this was in 1774, since which time aloes have never been absent from Salcombe. They must have been brought by some of the captains on their return from their voyages to Spain or the south of France. In fact, Mr. Strong's garden more resembled the shores of the Mediterranean than England: pomegranates, olives, and myrtles, being abundant in that favoured spot.

The notion of the aloe flowering once in a hundred years is a popular fallacy: from seventeen to twenty years is more correct; and even then it would require great patience or a laudable anxiety for the benefit of posterity to plant an aloe, which it is not likely that the owner would ever live to see in its beauty. I think they might be induced to flower earlier if any means could be discovered of checking their growth by removing them, but they are so unwieldy, and spread out so far that it is impossible to approach near enough to dig up the roots. Mr. Strong's critical eye detected a difference in the growth of some of the leaves of those in his garden which proved to be the forerunner of the flowers.

The olives, divested of their associations, are not interesting shrubs: their leaves, very much like those of the Phyllirea, are of a greyish hue, and we saw here an old-fashioned plant which used to flourish in the conservatories of our ancestors, and which, now that it is become a fancy to grow plants entirely for the beauty of their foliage, will probably come into fashion again; I mean the Melanthus. It has very handsome, large, curled and fringed leaves of a glaucous green, with a flower nearly black I am told, but have never seen it.

But the glory of Mr. Strong's garden in the spring time were his jonquils. How sweet they were! surely as Prescott says of the untrodden scenes of Mexican fertility, "the very senses ached with the perfume." I never saw anything like them for beauty

or fragrance. Fancy a bed of double jonquils, yellow as canary birds, and as large as a good sized asparagus bed! on either side of which was a bed of hyacinths of similar dimensions! Armed with instructions as to the right management of the lock, which was paradoxical as its owner, we used to invade his territory whenever we were at a loss for a bouquet, and never came away without something to reward our walk to his garden. The accumulated scent of so much fragrance was often too much, and I used to turn my attention to the Torch lilies, which grew under the shelter of the aloes, and a curious sort of Fritillaria, with bunches of dark chocolate flowers instead of single ones like those in our gardens. I remember with pleasure the pride he used to take in this spot, and well he might, for no one touched it but himself, and, as a friend prettily remarked, "flowers are our dumb children," and he, poor man! had outlived all his own, and had only a little nephew of the third generation to keep up his name amongst men.

Note.—Mr. Buckland, in his last delightful work ("Curiosities of Natural History," second series), has devoted some pages to the consideration of the means by which the Pholas bores; and the result of his investigations is that the animal makes its hole by mechanical rather than by chemical means, the roughened surface of the shell acting as a file upon the rock, wood, or even wax, in which it has been found. The idea of a solvent capable of acting on all these substances is quite inadmissible. It may be added that Portland stone is entirely free from its ravages, owing to the large quantity of silica which it contains.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onwards steer!"

Longfellow.

It was about the time that jonquils were blooming that talk began to be rife respecting the launch of the vessel which was building under our eyes in the yard opposite our house. Of course we determined to see the whole, and for that purpose could not be better situated.

The building had gone on steadily from day to day, and so imperceptibly that I was surprised one morning to see some spars rigged up in a kind of gallows fashion to furnish a fulcrum for the tackle, which, apparently without effort, lifted the tall masts into position through the places which were left for them in the deck.

The figure-head, a fierce-looking character representing, as I supposed, a Saracen, with a turban on his head, and a firelock in hand, had been standing for some weeks in the hall of the "worthy master," certainly not modelled "from the master's daughter," better adapted, I should say, to scare off thieves or to frighten little boys. However, one morning being attracted to the window by great sounds of hauling up, and looking out, we saw our friend the Turk in the act of being hoisted up to his final resting place, amidst loud expressions of admiration from the bystanders. When there he was pronounced to be a Zouave, in compliment to that body of French soldiers who were at the time so popular in the Crimea. There the Zouave remained for

a few weeks pointing his musket at us, but familiarity breeds contempt, and we soon ceased to regard his menaces.

At length the rigging was completed, and all things were beginning to look as if a change were at hand. Men were seen removing the supports on each side of the hull; all useless planks and coils of rope were taken away from that part of the yard in which the vessel lay, tools and instruments were moved out of sight, and finally the deck of the vessel was swept clean from the shavings and litter of the workmen. The almanac foretold when the highest tide would take place, and all arrangements having been completed with strict reference to the fact that time and tide wait for no man, the morning of the auspicious day dawned on multitudes of the "Salcombes," including of course all the boys of the town, waiting at the yard by half-past six to assist in, or at least, to witness the launch.

Our two friends had promised to come and see the sight from our windows, and breakfast with us after the ceremony was over; and one of them fulfilled her promise.

Now began a scene of excitement. The broad-shouldered Captain Cove and all the boys swarmed up the one remaining ladder into the vessel.

> "Then the master,
> With a gesture of command,
> Waved his hand;
> And at the word,
> Loud and sudden there was heard,
> All around them and below,
> The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
> Knocking away the staves and spars."

Every one seemed to come out in a new character. The cordial linen draper chopped away like an obdurate woodman who could not be induced by any persuasion to "spare that tree." The pale-faced literary tailor worked himself into a healthy colour, and I am certain must have acquired an appetite for breakfast

which must have astonished his family. The butcher plied his axe with a will, and the bakers, with turned-up sleeves, worked away at something stiffer than dough. The shipwright ran hither and thither, reproving, commanding, exhorting, and entreating; but with all their exertions the ship would not stir. Again and again were the props examined—again and again was every obstructing chip cut through; the stubborn hull refused to move, and the affair looked as hopeless as the *Great Eastern* after her first failure. The great captain and his crew of boys began to run backwards and forwards in the endeavour to get the necessary impetus; then they all assembled at the end next the sea, and began to jump, though I observed the captain soon left off the unwonted exercise. At last a slight stir was perceptible in the mighty mass:

> "She starts, she moves, she seems to feel
> The thrill of life along her keel;
> And spurning with her foot the ground,
> With an exulting, joyous bound,
> She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

and amidst the shouts of the spectators the *Zouave* was fairly launched. Then followed the congratulations of the shipwright's friends and his family; and finally, as the morning was advancing, they all betook themselves to their breakfast.

After a few weeks more of finishing, the vessel was sent to sea, and we followed her with our eyes till she was out of sight. What a masterpiece of human ingenuity is a ship! Even the building of a cathedral, with all its complexities, will scarcely vie with it in the amount of labour in the different departments; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that if all the different kinds of work required in the building of a man-of-war were to be done at the same time and place, the cathedral would be found to be the more easily accomplished of the two.

But what became of the lazy one who would not take the

trouble to come down the hill to see the sight? Truth compels me to state that she rested on her elbow in bed, and saw the whole as well as we did! Now was not this too bad, and a direct encouragement to laziness? But we were all involved in the same blunder, for we had never calculated the advantage which the lofty hill on which her house was built would give her over our own more lowly situation, and she, until she saw the vessel moving, never knew that the shipwrights' yard was visible from her window. I think my readers will give me credit for candour after this confession!

CHAPTER XV.

The country on the immediately opposite side of the estuary must not be omitted, for without passing the ferry the town cannot fairly be appreciated, neither can Ringrone—the seat of Lord Kingsale, nor the Castle, nor even Cliff House and Woodville, be estimated at their just meed of beauty.

We used to walk with our friend from Portlemouth Rectory on the lofty hills overlooking the mouth of the harbour whence we beheld one day the loveliest colouring imaginable. From some peculiarity in the atmosphere, the sea, hills, and shadows on the rocks were of a greenish indigo colour, the sky rather yellow in its tinge, and the whole reminding one strongly of some of Richard Wilson's pictures, which had hitherto appeared rather mysterious to me. I once saw the rocks on the Dartmouth river appear of a coppery purple tinge from the same cause.

Passing round the end of Limebury Point, opposite the Castle, we find a small shed containing a cannon and a few dozen of 36-pounder balls, to be used for the defence of the entrance of the harbour. I am afraid the *Jean Bart* or *La Gloire* would make light of them if she came with hostile intent to the peaceful town. The preventive-men are required to practise a certain number of times in the year, and the reverberation of the cannon amongst the rocks is very fine, but it would not be pleasant to be walking there at the time, for the concussion must be fearful. I remember the feeling experienced whilst sketching with a friend upon a hill below the town of Chepstow. All of a sudden a shock, more

L. of C.

startling than a box on the ear, made me turn to my companion, and before we could speak, a loud report and the smoke issuing from some rocks far from where we were seated, announced that an explosion had taken place, which at the time was rather alarming to our inexperience.

The mark at which the preventive-men fire is a target of white cloth between two or three patches of white paint, on the rocks of the opposite side just beyond Splat Cove.

Passing Limebury Point we continue by the preventive-men's walk to ascend higher and higher on the cliff. Below, the rock is bare at low water for a considerable space, and we could see the sheep descending from the cliffs to crop the Fucus Caniculatus which grew there abundantly. Here too we saw many of the pretty rock pools which I have already described.

A little further on we have to make a considerable circuit to avoid a deep chasm called Frenchman's Hole, from the fact of a French vessel having been driven into it in a storm, and there dashed to pieces without the possibility of rescue, as is the case with almost all accidents on this terrific coast. This place, like Splat Cove, is the scene of an abortive commencement of an iron mine, and a sort of rough-hewn arch is all that is left to testify to the fact.

Lying on the ground in this locality I once found that unaccountable implement, the stone celt. It was not a very perfect one, and the marks of chipping were visible upon it. How long had it lain there? or why there at all? Are any of the present inhabitants of Portlemouth or the neighbourhood descended from him who made it? What changes of kingdoms and overthrows of dynasties have taken place since this implement was formed in ages so remote that antiquaries in despair of fixing an accurate date content themselves with calling it the "stone period!" Our readers may not know that since the above was written celts have attained a great distinction, being supposed by a recent writer to

have been fashioned by a race of beings anterior to the usually received account of Creation, and called by him "Pre-Adamite man."

I am told that one very remarkable specimen now belongs to an antiquary in the city of Norwich, having been purchased by his sagacious wife at an auction with sundry flat irons and kitchen utensils in an old coal-box for half-a-crown! the lady of course bidding for the lot as a matter of mere household thrift!

Continuing our walk, and scrambling on the higher ledges of the cliffs, we gain a beautiful view of the bay enclosed by the Bolt Head, and the rocks and coves which I have mentioned in our walk to Sewer Mill Cove in a former chapter. Occasionally we are compelled to mount the earthen walls which separate the boundaries of property; and after many an unexpected vista of beauty, we find ourselves ascending by a foot-path to the Gaytor Rock, or Rickham Station, as it is called, from the name of the hamlet of Portlemouth in which it is situated. It is one of the loneliest spots imaginable, and tolerable only on account of being composed of several cottages, the abodes of the men, under the same line of roof with their chief. We heard terrible complaints of its dreariness from the gentleman who was at that time in command; for, having seen much service in India and other parts of the world, he was proportionably *ennuyé* at such a locality. To be sure, the houses were duller than need be from being debarred by a wall from the sight of the scenery with which they were surrounded; such protection from the high winds which blew from the sea being absolutely necessary, so that they had not even the Irishman's consolation in the prospect of "one ship out of sight." The men had a kind of burrow in the rock on which their flag-staff was fixed, to which they used to retire when on the look-out, but their families might as well live in a street for all they could see of the prospect. "A house to let" would have been a comparatively lively object; for even that has been

lately shown, in the hands of an imaginative writer, to be capable of affording room for the most interesting speculations.

Mazely Cove, beyond the Moor Sands, was the most interesting object, and accessible only from the land side. Here was a cavern, formed by the slip of some of the upper rocks, which would contain several people. I have been in it several times, but never could entirely divest myself of the idea that as it had slipped once it might do so again; and what if I were in it! This little cove was frequented by people from a considerable distance for the sake of the beautiful white sand, which is so scarce an article on that coast; but it could only be brought to the top by donkeys, and it was wonderful to see how the poor creatures picked their way round the projecting pieces of rock which rendered the path so difficult, never stumbling, but with true philosophy making the best of their untoward circumstances. This place a friend very properly called the "Pandemonium of animals," from the hard nature of the work they had to perform. A little labour would have made at least a tolerable path for these willing animals; but as usual, what was every one's business in this case was no one's business, and the poor beasts were allowed to spend double the necessary time and strength in their journey. Bad economy, one would think.

Beyond Mazely Cove is Prawle Point, a fine headland running into the sea for a considerable distance, and forming, with Bolt Head at the opposite extremity, the bay to which the Salcombe estuary is the inlet into the country. Here the cliffs seem to break down suddenly, and the whole country has that let down effect which the under-cliff of the Isle of Wight displays, but without its fertility, for Prawle is the most dreary and treeless place imaginable. There is a station subordinate to that of Rickham, where we rested ourselves for a while at Mr. Pengelly, the chief boatman's, house, who with great politeness insisted on removing from his table a most beautiful auricula in full flower to

a place where I could not see it, in order to afford a resting place to my sketching implements, notwithstanding my entreaties to the contrary. In spite of his hearty welcome and reiterated invitations to repeat our visit, we never had the courage to return to Prawle, though after a long absence from wild scenery even that dreary place would have charms in our eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Spring with its charming associations and opening flowers was now ripening into summer, and it was not without regret that we saw the lengthened days which gave promise of so much enjoyment, but which announced to us that our stay in this delightful locality was drawing to a close. Each favourite scene had to be re-visited and explored, and we experienced the truth of Dr. Johnson's saying, that we never do anything consciously for the last time without some feeling of regret. I need not describe how we lingered at each winding of our favourite road, nor how late was our return to our home every evening. A long day was to be spent at Portlemouth Rectory, which, however, the weather marred a little, but gave the more time for the conversation, which even now revives pleasant thoughts. Alas, that she who formed the sunshine of that shady place should now live only in our memories! Our return was marked by a circumstance which I never before witnessed. The water in the harbour was full of Medusæ, which, when disturbed by the ferryman's oar, reminded us of that beautiful passage in the Ancient Mariner so beloved by all marine naturalists—

> "Within the shadow of the ship
> I watched their rich attire:
> Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
> They coiled and swam, and every track
> Was a flash of living fire.
>
> O happy living things! no tongue
> This beauty might declare."

So charming was the sight that I could willingly have stayed hours to enjoy it.

I do not think the inhabitants of Salcombe had any idea how we had as it were grown into the place; and they could hardly give us credit for sincerity in our expressions of regret at leaving it. Not so our friend Mr. Strong. He understood our feelings, and felt within himself to a degree with which we were unacquainted at the time that, in his case at least, our parting would be a final one in this world. His anticipations were correct: a few letters passed between us, and after about four months we were informed that he had departed this life. Peace be to his memory!

Many of our aged friends have since departed, and cannot be recognised by my description; but if the reader will take the trouble, he may easily verify all that has been said of the scenery and natural history of the place, which alone has been my object in writing this little sketch. Any person wishing for a few weeks of quiet retirement would do well to visit Salcombe, especially if he be artistically or zoologically inclined; and of late the communication has been made more easy by a steamer which plies twice a week from Plymouth to Kingsbridge, and which sets down at Salcombe. There is also another, the *Queen*, which plies between Kingsbridge and Salcombe—a great convenience compared with the market boats I alluded to in the commencement of this work. I have also learnt that a preliminary meeting has been held to take measures for securing railway communication with the South Devon line, and the "Salcombes" are not the people to let a thing slip through their fingers.

* * * *

I lay down my pen with regret, for many pleasing reminiscences have revived whilst writing these pages; and I shall consider myself happy if the narration of our visit to the South

Devon coast shall stimulate any one else to the enjoyment of the cheap and healthy pleasures which are so bountifully provided for all who have the desire to partake of them.

Since the foregoing was written I am informed that the railway scheme has failed, owing to the opposition of the Torquay and Dartmouth people—jealous, as we may well suppose them to be, of the rivalry which a new town would cause to their interests. In a commercial point of view, this is to be regretted; but surely it is well to keep some favoured spots sacred from the incursions of tourists and would-be botanists, who carry off everything that takes their fancy, leaving nothing in exchange but empty ginger beer bottles, broken egg shells, orange peel, and paper bags giving evidence of having been exploded with a loud report, which, in some society, is considered an appropriate termination to a picnic entertainment. Let us therefore hope that, in this case at least, "Whatever *is* is right!"

NOTICE.—It has been deemed expedient to add a short account of Kingsbridge and its vicinity to the graphic sheets of "Myrtles and Aloes"; the following supplementary pages, under the title of "KINGSBRIDGE," have therefore been furnished by Mr. Francis Young, lately a resident among us, and a native of this town. The illustrations are from the clever and facile pencil of Miss Tregelles.—*The Publisher.*

KINGSBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

A ROUND-ABOUT CHAPTER.

In the first chapter of "Myrtles and Aloes" cursory mention has been made of a town in the extreme south of Devon known by the name of Kingsbridge to Rowland Hill and his myrmidons of the Post Office, the inhabitants thereof, and all persons interested therein, directly or indirectly, by one or other of the countless ties that serve to attach every member of the human race more closely to some particular locality than to another.

It is of this town that the ruthless and unrelenting publisher of the "Salcombe Sketch Book," metaphorically seizing me by the collar and pinning me into a corner, from which I have no escape, has demanded a descriptive chapter as a supplementary appendage to the preceding lively pages, which glow with life-like descriptions of the wonders of the shore, lanes, banks and hedges, highways and byeways, that encompass and radiate from Salcombe in all directions, *undique et passim*.

Perhaps a reader (if readers ever do soliloquize over a book, which I very much doubt) will, in language and mood befitting that burly bear with heart of sterling gold, "the great Lexicographer," as Miss Pinkerton delighted to style him, snarlingly carp and gird at me, suggesting that I am an impudent dog, and, like Captain Macheath, "a bold man" to add the coarse free dashes of my verbiage to the pretty pre-raphaëlesque word paint-

ings of the accomplished lady who has treated of the rural beauties and sea-side glories of Salcombe with eloquence enough, one would think, to make even Peter Bell himself turn botanist, geologist, phytologist, *et omne quod exit in* ist. Reader! I acknowledge the impeachment. Wincing under your gimlet-like glance, which betokens anything but favourable criticism of pages to come, I decidedly cry *Peccavi.* To the lady I take off my hat, and in humility pray pardon for my presumption: to yourself, my thoughts recurring to the pages of that Latin grammar which was so skilfully and indelibly ground into me at the Grammar School, Kingsbridge, I groan *Parce mihi!* to both I say, heap Pelion on Ossa of reproach on Mr. G. P. Friend, for has he not pulled me neck and ears into this scrape? He can, however, bear sufficient for himself and for me, to whom remaineth yet this consolatory knowledge that he is a gallant Volunteer, slow to defy, yet skilled to defend; which gives me, his scribe, courage to tread on my way rejoicing, and comforted by the knowledge that, if accidentally I raise a storm about my ears, it is around his auricular organs that the wind and war of words must rave and dash.

Why the town was called Kingsbridge nobody knows, not even Risdon or Polwhele, Bryce or Dr. Oliver, my worthy schoolmate, the professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Oxford, or any other authority great in Devonshire antiquarian lore: I must not add that nobody cares, for I myself must confess to a strong craving for that piece of knowledge. Perchance, in time, the mystery will be unveiled by the discovery of an old chronicle, laboriously written and illuminated by a monk of Buckfastleigh, setting forth how sundry dwellers in the *ville* some thousand years since seeing the Saxon monarch of the day, while making a progress through the western part of his dominion, standing dubiously on the muddy edge of the morass through which the brook Dod slowly oozed on its way to ocean, leaped with Raleigh-like gal-

lantry into the slush, and standing obverse to reverse with bended backs, after the manner of urchins at leap-frog, bridged the dank quagmire, and so gave passage to the monarch, *sans* soiled shoes and hose, into his loyal town, to be by royal decree hereafter known by the name of Kyngysbrygge. And here, Mr. Friend, you should insert a graphic portraiture of the performance, the actors therein having dislocated necks and arms and legs, after the manner of saints and heroes pictured in monkish missals and the illustrated chronicles of early times.

The parish of Kingsbridge is one of the smallest, if not indeed the least, of the many parishes of Devonshire: its whole superficial content is about two or three and thirty acres. The town is built on a dorsal ridge of land, sloping on the west to a rivulet, which separates it from the parish of West Alvington, and on the east to the stream Dod, which divides it from the neighbouring parish of Dodbrooke. A stranger sojourning awhile in Kingsbridge at the King's Arms, an excellent hotel, under the careful guardianship of Mr. Robert Foale, who grows his own lemons for punch and other delightful acidulated alcoholic compounds, hateful to declamatory teetotallers as scarlet to bellowing and iracund bull, would, on emerging from that good house of entertainment for man and beast, find himself on a level part of the street a little above the centre of the same, which runs nearly due north and south, and is called, in common with the chief streets of a large proportion of English towns, Fore Street: looking to his right, he will see the whole extent of the town to the north, terminated by a double toll bar, whereat, under the authority of the Turnpike Trust, who make a very nice per-centage on their investment, to the detriment and disgust of Her Majesty's liege subjects, travellers are despoiled and eased of sundry small coin by an Argus-eyed janitor previous to proceeding either on the road leading to Loddiswell and the Kingsbridge Road Station, or on that which runs into it at right angles, passing the newly-built parsonage

house, and forming the high way to Aveton Gifford, Modbury, and Plymouth.

If he be inclined to get an appetite for his dinner, and do justice to the savoury roast and boiled provided by the host of the King's Arms, he cannot do better than take a morning walk towards this end of the town, and stroll along the Plymouth road; a couple of miles, up hill and thorough collar work all the way, will bring him to Churchstow, the vicar of which holds ecclesiastical sway over Kingsbridge also, under the style of Vicar of Churchstow-*cum*-Kingsbridge. He will not perhaps be particularly pleased with the appearance of Churchstow village, which is far from prepossessing, but he will be amply repaid for his long climb by the many pretty peeps of the estuary that he will gain on his return at various turnings of the winding road. About a mile or less from Kingsbridge he should turn to his left, and, passing an old barn, make his way into a long rough pass, known, I believe, from its sequestered position, as Love Lane: certainly the ups and downs of this deep rutted cart path would tend to tumble a fond pair into delightful proximity at every step, and make the walk a sort of oak and ivy business, not for you stout and respectable visitor in broadcloth, but for Strephon and Phyllis, Corydon and Daphne, from the town, who pair off to these secluded resorts about seven o'clock of a summer's eve, and build castles in the air of the bliss of their coming happiness—realised, alas! in how few cases, as wedded life doth often sadly witness. After quitting the Plymouth road for about two hundred yards or more, turning again to his right, and treading gingerly for his corns' sake, he will enter this, to him, *via dolorosa*, but if his name be Sam, he may appeal to himself in Christy Minstrel phraseology, for here he will get the best view of the estuary that can possibly be found, the land-locked expanse of water looking at full tide, like a glassy lake, broken perhaps by the paddle-wheels of the busy *Queen*, with the dark woods of Halwell fringing its margin in the distance, the

Kingsbridge from Portlemouth.

From the Plymouth Road.

square towers of Portlemouth and Charleton and the pointed steeple of Malborough breaking the undulating outline of the surrounding hills, the little dockyard and the jutting headlands of Gerston coming prominently into the centre of the picture, the foreground of which is richly filled with bosky masses of trees, through which gleams here and there the blue slate roofing of the buildings of the town and the white octagonal spire of the parish church.

Turning with reluctance from this view with a last look at the craggy profile of Bolt Head, rearing itself in the midst of the long line of land which hides the sparkling waters of the Channel from the gaze, he will gain the Loddiswell road, after his troublous passage through Love Lane, not failing to look at Combe Royal on the left, shrouded in noble timber, with its ivy-circled lodge and bricken orangery, in which all fruits of this description thrive through the winter, as if in their native clime, unprotected by glass. This desirable residence (in auctioneering phraseology) belongs to John Luscombe, Esquire, whose extreme fondness for the gardener's art and the floral gifts of nature has led him to make the surrounding grounds as beautiful as they are.

Crossing the Loddiswell road our peripatetic friend must again do violence to his joints and feelings by plunging down a precipitous descent into the continuation of Love Lane, which now changes its amatory appellation for the less agreeable one of Darky: he will soon pass Well House, which was at one time (like the old poor-house at Charleton, now a barn and a good one, too) evidently a monastic house of call, probably an appanage of the Abbacy of Buckfastleigh, and regain Fore Street by turning to his right and wending his way through Duncombe Street, formerly (according to Mr. Abraham Hawkins, to whose history of Kingsbridge I am entirely indebted for the very few facts that may garnish these pages) dignified by the strange title of Sigdure Lane, which far from euphuistic designation after a while collapsed

into Sugar Lane, a miserable misnomer, for a house stood and yet stands there, the abode of successive generations of cow-keepers, to which broad-chested glossy specimens of the bovine race repair as regularly as morn and dewy eve successively arrive, and—I don't like walking through thoroughfares frequented by cows! that's all, Mr. Friend.

Fore Street, towards its southern extremity, is crossed by Mill Street and Duke Street, in olden time Duck Street. Mill Street, so named from the Town Mills, formerly used as a woollen manufactory for blankets, serges, &c., now turned into corn mills worked by steam power, leads directly through another judiciously situated trap of the Turnpike Trust to the high road to Salcombe through West Alvington and Malborough. Another road, skirting the gardens of Quay House, and entering Mill Street by the turnpike on the left, also brings us to Salcombe by Tacket Wood, Collapit, and Gerston, the property and, until lately, the residence of the Bastards of Kitley, since the days of the Conqueror. On the left of this road, about half way between Kingsbridge and Salcombe, stands Ilton, known also as Castle, where, in the time of the troubles, stood a strongly-built square tower, buttressed and flanked with towers, in which (some time during the siege of Fort Charles, while Colonel Ralph Weldon, of Plymouth, was doing his best to knock it about the ears of its governor, the gallant Sir Edmund Fortescue, and his little garrison) loyal William Randall, of Mill, in the parish of Stokenham, who

> ———"struck for the King,
> Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing,"

was imprisoned, bullied, and for some time daily threatened with death by some buff-coated lambs of Oliver Cromwell, under the command of "one Goram," who had previously harried his homestead, wounding to death his daughter Katharine, whose tomb, with some quaintly expressed lines cut thereon, may still be seen in Stokenham churchyard.

Duke Street and Duncombe Street form the principal links of communication between the component parts of the "*dual* town of Kingsbridge and Dodbrooke" (I quote from an advertisement of a great writer and professor of elocution lately resident in Kingsbridge) separated by the purling brook Dod. Of Dodbrooke little can be said in description. Passing through Duke Street, and leaving the iron foundry of Mr. John Lidstone on the left and the King of Prussia on the right, we come upon a broad and open space of sloping ground, on which the monthly cattle market is held. Immediately before us is an ugly block of building which ought to be tumbled over, neck and crop, to make room for a corn exchange for the stout squires and yeomen that frequent Dodbrooke market, and a drinking fountain for thirsty drovers and panting beasts, which some energetic disciple of Father Matthew will doubtless be glad to present. I daresay the proprietor of the block in question, and possibly the landlords of the White Lion and King of Prussia, and other minor publics in the neighbourhood, if there be any, will receive my suggestions with a howl of contempt and derision; but are not these real Dodbrooke wants, and projects to be taken into due consideration by farmers, inhabitants, and wrathful proprietor of unseemly lump of board, bricks, and mortar? The site is well suited for the purpose, and the building would form an ornament to the town and a better way of entrance to Ebrington Street, the mention of which brings vividly before my eyes the celebration of the peace festivities at the close of the war with Russia, when the whole population of the parish made it a dining-room for the nonce, and the lord and master of the Phœnix Brewery, chief ruler of the borough of Dodbrooke at that time, portly, majestic, and ample in form, beaming with baronial grace, urbanity, and condescension, enthroned on a dais, crowned the long vista of groaning tables, and gallantly led the perspiring carvers to the attack on the Malakhoffs of beef and Mamelons of pudding, which rapidly

disappeared under the onslaught, renewed and renewed again, of well-hinged jaws, that seemed like openings of yawning pits that were verily bottomless.

Leaving the scene of former feasting, and crossing the slope on which the sheep-pens are pitched on market days, we must walk carefully along a bank on the right side of the road, destitute of fence or hand-rail, which rises in one part to a height suggestive and provocative of broken bones, and which, perhaps, will be duly fortified when a waywarden has fallen therefrom, and has sustained compound fracture of the thigh, dislocation of the shoulder, and broken half a dozen ribs; as railway trains will be so managed as to give the guard access to every part at pleasure as soon as a bishop has been burnt therein—a benefit to those that travel by land which I devoutly hope will be brought about by other means than grilling any mitred occupant of the bench episcopal, although one has already been within an ace of meeting with that unhappy fate.

But we are running away at full speed from our muttons, and it behoves us to return instantly to the same. Threading the bank of which we have spoken, and stopping a moment to glance at the parish pound, that occasional haven of rest for hard-worked donkeys, and Athenæum Terrace, which stands on the site of the old poor-house of Dodbrooke, and to note the surpassing architectural beauty of the British School, we arrive at a triangular island of houses, surrounded entirely by macadamised roads, the base of which is known as Batt's Lane, and the apex towards the east distinguished as Bellow's Nose. A few minutes' walk still eastward from this point brings us to Bell Cross gate and two roads, one to the north, leading to Totnes and Dartmouth, the other to the east, forming an approach to the endless ramifications and turnings and crossings of Devonshire lanes that lie between Kingsbridge and Dodbrooke and broad Start Bay.

And here we may well stroll through the shady lane encircling

Dodbrooke Rectory and its sequestered grounds, and linger in the quiet churchyard, belted with lofty elms, wherein must slumber among the immortal dead, until God's Great Assize, many a one that we have known and loved and honoured. 'Twould not be amiss to sit there for a while on a rounded boss of turf, spangled with modest daisies, and, apart from the world and worldly thoughts, still as the silent occupant of the hollow bed below, wrapt in the deep long sleep of peace—to last how long, God knoweth—to muse on solemn subjects which the scene may well suggest, and then to quit the sacred precincts of the hallowed spot with FAITH in God and in His Word, renewed and strengthened; with HOPE for the coming future in this world, and that to come hereafter, bursting from the dormant bud into bloom giving promise of fair fruit; and with CHARITY towards ALL men, (for who is not our neighbour?) especially towards those with whom we hold daily and hourly intercourse, increased, not seven times, but seventy times sevenfold.

Yes! Mr. Reader, I know I have not the privilege of writing Reverend before my name; I am well aware that I have merely been asked to scribble a few pages of gossip (not scandal though) about Kingsbridge, and therefore have no business at all to vary my theme with anything that looks like sermonizing. What? you should think so? you have quite enough of that on Sundays? Well, I daresay you have: I will try not to offend again. Eh! grumbling again! you hope I won't go taking people's names in vain and all that sort of stupid thing; but if I will take those liberties, your advice is (that is, if I'll take a fool's advice, and a nod's as good as a wink to a blind man, or ought to be at all events)—

> Touch 'em up tenderly!
> Treat 'em with care!
> Don't rub them up
> The wrong way of the hair!

Certainly not, *cher lecteur*, I will promise to dance as deftly as

any saltimbanque among the tender points of my old friends and neighbours; and if I must needs call any to the front by name, I will not tread on the least of their mental corns. I will spring as nimbly and as harmlessly among their little weaknesses as ever Baron Nathan, of Rosherville celebrity, leapt among his eggs and china tea service. Feeling that I live in a glass house myself, indeed, quite a Crystal Palace of a vitreous building, I will take care how I throw the smallest pebble at my neighbours' panes, lest vengeance come upon me, and mine be smashed by a retaliative rain of bricks and paving stones.

Surely I digress to an extent unpardonable; and, instead of going straight to the mark like the tapering arrows of the fair members of the Kingsbridge Archery Club, hoping to hit, as I would fain do, the golden bull's-eye of success, I follow a zig-zag path in all directions, like a billiard ball about the board of green cloth. But is not this a round-about chapter, in which we are making the grand tour of Kingsbridge and its environs, and may not the erratic windings of our path plead an excuse for the erratic wandering of my pen? *Allons donc,* let us get then, not out of the frying-pan into the fire, as I am likely to do if I will persist in talking about that which has nothing whatever to do with Kingsbridge, but out of Dodbrooke churchyard into the Rectory lane, and thence down an incline not quite as perpendicular as the wall of a house into a rich valley, in which stands Washbrook Mill. You will justly think that our walk is a practical exposition of that pleasing nursery ditty, "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down"; and you will be confirmed and strengthened in your opinion ere we finish our perambulation. *Excelsior* must again be our watchword; and, hoping to escape the fate of the aspiring young gentleman who bore that strange device upon his banner, we must struggle up the stony steep until we reach a point where our road strikes into another crossing it nearly at right angles, of which the part to

our right will bring us into Dodbrooke again by Buttville, the property of Stuart Hawkins, Esquire—Foxhole, an ivy-draped cottage, with a cosy, comfortable, retiring look of snugness about it—and Boxhill, a villa residence ensconced in an acre or two of pleasant grounds; while the other to our left will bring us to Shindle Mill and another road leading to Kingsbridge on the right, the hedges of which attract and repel the olfactory attention of passers-by with a profuse display of scented blue and white violets, and the most unsavoury wild garlic that the nose of man, woman, or child ever smelt.

We will not take either of these routes to re-enter our town, but do a little bit of trespass, regardless of the interests of Mr. Steer, over High-house estate, which we gain by crossing the road from the coin of vantage on which we have been resting after our late ascent up Washbrook hill, and entering a gate a little to the left of us on the opposite side. After crossing one or two fields, and gaining the path running along the ridge of the hill immediately above High-house and the farm-house and courtlage of the estate, we get a pretty panoramic view of the estuary towards Salcombe. A ramble through the fields that lie around and below us, between our present position and the western shores of "the river," so called by the natives, will afford many pleasing changes in the spreading scene; at one point we overlook Charleton Bridge, that spans the arm of water which pierces the land as far as Shindle Mill, and there receives the trout stream that runs through a long line of green meadows under Bearscombe, Ranscombe, Buckland, and Fleet; at another, the busy ship-yard of Mr. Date, who has turned out many a clean-built clipper for the fruit trade, and long may he live to build many such specimens of England's merchant navy as the *Excelsior*, *Elinor*, and *Annie Grant*, to his own profit and the profit of shareholders, ship's husbands, captains, mates, sailors, and cabin boys, and all others more or less interested in the well-being of the Kingsbridge fleet. Turning from the

ship-yard and leaving it directly in our rear, we shall come into a lane leading to High-house and soon stand on the summit of Lox Hill, the descent of which, mollified a little by a set of steps worn into the hard soil through the springy turf by many a pair of feet encased in all varieties of boots from the pert Balmoral to the sturdy Blucher, will bring us with trembling knees and aching ancle-joints into the main road in front of the cottage I have mentioned, called Foxhole. Passing this, and turning to our left down a narrow lane dark with the shade of overhanging firs, we come into the only nearly level road that can be found in the vicinity of Kingsbridge. We have already seen, from High-house estate, glimpses of this road, which will take us by the New Quay Inn, *né* Crab Shell, and Mr. Date's yard to Charleton Bridge, and thence to Torcross and Slapton Sands (both to be marked with a white mark for possessing capital hotels, with a most civil and obliging hostess ruling that in the first-named place, and a host with ditto qualities reigning over that in the second; choice resorts for anglers and fishers of fish in salt and fresh waters), through a succession of villages, gemmed here and there with brilliant flower knots in road-side gardens, known as West Charleton, East Charleton, Frogmore, Chillington, and Stokenham. We will not take a turn bridge-wards now, but, merely observing that it is the road along which the needful daily constitutional is regularly taken by many of the good folks of Kingsbridge, saunter leisurely towards the town across the Quay by Glena, Victoria Place, Pindar Lodge, South Place, and the saw-pits and coal-stores of Messrs. F. H. Fox & Co. The southern entrance to the town is carefully guarded by two temples of drink, offering a prompt and ready resting place to weary wayfarers: the Ship and Plough, kept by a stout active little publican, known in the vernacular as 'Sippern Hellit,' which, when translated, means Cyprian Elliott, and last, not least, the Anchor Hotel, a phœnix of an establishment that has risen from the modest two-story public known of old as the

Lavars. lith: Broad St Hall Bristol

KINGSBRIDGE FROM TACKET WOOD

A.R.T Delt

Blue Anchor, in which a Volunteer now holds sway over tap and spigot—host Richard Horswill, a soldier every inch of him, who will tell you many a tale of his experiences on the frozen steppes of the Crimea, the parched plains of India, and the flowery land of China, whenever you will step in and taste his white ale, of which delectable beverage more anon. Opposite the Anchor, on the left, our eyes wander along a dead wall, enclosing an excellent house, flanked with shrubberies, which commands from its upper windows a beautiful view of the estuary. This formerly belonged to a worthy old gentleman, Roger Ilbert Prideaux: at his death it passed, by purchase, into the hands of the late Mr. Samuel Beer, whose son now resides there. But lo! we are at the bottom of Fore Street: it is time to close this round-about chapter, and see what points of local interest demand a careful notice in our next.

CHAPTER II.

MR. NOTEWORTHY'S CORNER.

To have Mr. Friend's *diabolus* hard on my haunches, to find him perpetually treading on my heels to the abrasion and deplorable discomfort of the same, while I am turning out all the old drawers and nooks of memory's bureau to see what I can drag into daylight again respecting Kingsbridge, is a thing grievous to be borne. It must, however, be my endeavour for a season to appease the greed of the said inky imp for copy, and to be careful too how I bespatter him with hard names, lest, in remembrance of the wrong, he pelt me with "pie" next time I adventure myself into the *Gazette* Office.

Let us look leisurely up and down and backwards and forwards through the length and breadth of Kingsbridge, and see what jottings of fact and romance can be set down in Mr. Noteworthy's corner concerning the more goodly and notable buildings of the town, whether they be public or private, lay or ecclesiastic, in character. *Certes!* there is nothing to be said about the Vicarage, save that it bears an air of comfortable substantiality about it which causes it to appear to be a most delectable dwelling-house: the turnpike house, too, is barren and unprofitable; but not so Knowle House, which must be remembered as the residence of Colonel Montague, F.L.S. and M.W.S., an ardent and accomplished naturalist, author of the Ornithological Dictionary, Testacea Britannica, and other works. The large and valuable collection of animals and birds which the scientific Colonel had gathered during the last sixteen

years of his life at Kingsbridge, after quitting the army in 1799, was purchased at his death for £1100, by Dr. W. E. Leach, F. R. S., and placed in the British Museum, where it remains until this day. Below Prospect House, a narrow building with a long frontage, commanding a good view of the estuary, stands the conduit and engine house, which was inhabited by a family some seven or eight and twenty years ago, instead of a fire engine and leathern buckets as at present. Before this house there used, at the time I have mentioned, to prowl perpetually a dark-looking half-shaven man in grey, who was, in fact, the chief terror of my youthful existence. I believe he lived in the old poor-house of Kingsbridge, which stood nearly on the opposite side of the road, and was known by the name of Will Vincent. He had been a sailor, and, if I remember rightly, he had lost his wits after undergoing the barbarous punishment of keel-hauling, a mode of punishment now obsolete, luckily enough for unruly members of the British mercantile marine, which was inflicted by lowering the unhappy offender, secured along a stout cable, over the bows of the ship, and causing him to scrape acquaintance with every inch of the keel, until he had cleared the rudder, and was free to re-visit the deck again by a rough passage over the stern, full of salt water, and three parts dead at least. After passing Lower Knowle, Barnfield Cottage, and Tressilian, we come to Vine House on the left hand and on the right the Grammar School. Justice Hawkins mentions a house on the right, or west, side of the street, "which was once a banqueting house, where the Abbot of Buckfast used to keep Lent"; but I am unable to identify it with any existing building, or, indeed, with any building since destroyed, unless it be the old poor-house, which has been turned into the houses now occupied by Mr. King, stone mason, and Mr. Adams, carpenter, at the top of the town. The Endowed Grammar School, over which the Rev. A. Middleton now presides, is a stone building fronting the street, having

the head master's private residence at the north end, with magnificent dormitories, calculated to accommodate forty boarders, in a wing behind, built from the head master's part of the house in a direction parallel to the school-room, looking over the valley that divides Kingsbridge from West Alvington, towards the Union. There is a good play-ground with covered shed and garden behind the house. The school-room extends the whole length of the street frontage, excepting the north gable, and is said to be built on the model of the large school-room at Eton. Access to the school from the street is obtained up a flight of stairs from an arched entrance, with double doors, over which is the following inscription, cut in stone, "This Grammar School was Built and Endowed 1670, By Thomas Crispin, of the City of Exon, Fuller, who was born in This Town the 6 of Jan. 1607-8. Lord, what I have 'twas thou that gavest me, And of thine owne I this return to thee." A full-length portrait of this worthy benefactor of his native town, beautifully executed, the artist's name, I regret to say, unknown, hangs on the staircase of the head master's residence. It was formerly kept in the school-room; and was removed to its present position when the north gable was re-built, and the dormitories added, about the year 1840, when the Rev. J. H. C. Borwell (then head master of the Endowed Grammar School, Plymouth) was appointed to succeed the late head master, the Rev. Robert Lane, perpetual curate of Salcombe Chapel.

I cannot do better than extract from Hawkins' "Kingsbridge and Salcombe" (a work which I trust Mr. Friend may one day find it worth his while to re-print, as I very much want a copy of the same, and am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. John Hooper, junior, of Kingsbridge, for the use of that which now lies before me) the passages bearing reference to the bequests of Thomas Crispin, the founder of the school, and of William Duncombe, who held the position of first head master of the same, under

direct appointment from the founder himself; adding a short account of the changes made in the constitution of the school and modifications of founder's and benefactor's wills, by decree of the High Court of Chancery, in 1846, into which the affairs pertaining to the school, lectureship, &c., had been thrown in order to bring about a satisfactory settlement of a quarrel that had arisen between the town and trustees of the charities touching the administration of the funds, and, I rather think, to promote an attempt on the part of the inhabitants to infuse some new blood into the directory.

Mr. Hawkins tells us that, "in 1688-9, Mr. Crispin, by his will, bequeathed this grammar school and house, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, to seven trustees. He directed that, when these should be reduced by death to three, the survivors should fill up the number, and this be done successively for ever. Therein he charged an estate of his in fee, called Washbearhays, lying in the parish of Bradninch, in the county of Devon, with the payment of an annuity of thirty pounds to the said trustees, for them to give five pounds thereof yearly for teaching twenty-five poor children of the town of Kingsbridge English, five pounds more for instructing twelve poor children to write and cipher, five pounds a-year for repairing the grammar school, and to defray the expense of collecting the money, which sum is left to the discretion of the trustees, and fifteen pounds per annum for ever to be paid to the master of the said school (such a one as shall be chosen and appointed by the trustees), who is to teach at least fifteen boys of the said town (grammar); and in case so many are not to be found in that place, then the number may be filled up at the discretion of the trust.

"He also bequeathed to the said trustees the sum of twenty-five pounds, either to be laid out in land or placed at interest, as they should think fit, and the profits to be expended in buying books and paper for the children of the school; but this sum is said never to have been received.

"Mr. William Duncombe, who was the first master of this school, still contributed a more noble charity to the town of Kingsbridge; for, in 1691, he by will bequeathed certain lands unto seven trustees (and as often as any of these refused to act or died, the major part of those present at the next meeting were directed by the said testament to fill up the vacancy, and proceed in like manner for ever), in order to pay fifty pounds a-year to a lecturer, *to be chosen by the major part of the said trustees, with the consent of the inhabitants of the town*, who shall every Sunday supply the place of the vicar on that part of the day when his duty requires his attention at Churchstow, and also preach once a month on one of the week-days which he shall judge most convenient; that the lecturer so chosen shall be neither the master of the free school, the usher, nor the incumbent or pastor of the place, but some other clergyman of good moral character.

"Besides the annual stipend of fifty pounds, he ordered that the lecturer should be paid an additional three pounds yearly to give away, or buy books to present to the poor parishioners as an encouragement to learn catechisms, &c. He also directed that ten pounds a-year (if the estate would permit) should be allowed for four years to one, two, or three scholars, being poor and educated at the free school before mentioned, who should go from thence to Oxford or Cambridge, with the approbation of the major part of the trustees and the master, as a help towards their maintenance in the university. If any surplus remained, he ordered that it should be applied, at the discretion of the majority of the trustees, in binding out poor scholars, of not less than two years' standing at the said free school, to good trades; but that no larger sum than eight pounds should be given with each, and a like sum at the expiration of their apprenticeship (provided they behaved well) to set them up in business.

"Agreeably to the directions of the testator, the trustees continue to assemble annually on Midsummer Day to settle their

accounts, &c., twenty shillings being then allowed them for a treat." The trustees "are men of respectability, and such have always been their predecessors, to whose independent and upright conduct may be attributed the present flourishing state of the charity, the annual income of which amounts to four hundred and twenty-five pounds from houses and lands, with the addition of between seventy and eighty pounds in dividends from funded property, making together about five hundred pounds a-year."

The above account was written about the year 1819. I believe the Chancery suit arising out of the scrimmage between the townsmen and the trustees sliced goodly parings for a while from the annual income of the charities; but under the charge of the gentlemen who are at present trustees, and the fostering care of the trustees' clerk, Mr. Thomas Harris, there can be no doubt that the tree of good works planted by Crispin and watered by Duncombe will ere long flourish more vigorously than ever.

The Chancery suit (The Attorney-General *v.* Newman and others) commenced in 1843; the inhabitants asserting that the charities had been mismanaged by the trustees, and that they had an undoubted right, under Duncombe's will, to ratify, or dissent from, the choice of the trustees with regard to a clergyman to fill the post of lecturer. The solicitors on the part of the town were Messrs. Hurrell and Lidstone; Mr. Thomas Harris clerk to the trustees, acting on their behalf. The business languished and lingered until 1846, when Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, pronounced his *fiat* on the case. The following is a brief abstract of the decree:—Each charity was to be administered by seven trustees, as heretofore; the whole body of trustees, fourteen in number, being considered, for the future, governors of the school. A reserve fund was ordered to be made for each charity, to the amount of seventy pounds for Duncombe's charity and ten pounds for Crispin's charity, and to be kept in hand to meet incidental expenses necessary to the respective estates. The

lecturer was to be paid one hundred and twenty pounds per annum in lieu of his former salary of fifty pounds, and he was ordered to provide himself with a house at his own expense. The writing and reading schools mentioned previously in Mr. Hawkins' abstract of the wills of the founders were left to the mercy of the governors; and both, I believe, have been discontinued for some years. All monies from both charities, after providing for the needful repairs, reserve fund, and lecturer's salary, were to be handed over to a fund called the "school fund"; out of which were to be paid the repairs and rents of school-house, the salaries of the clerk, master, and examiner, as well as of the master and mistress of the writing and reading school, the exhibitions and apprentice fees, and all those necessary and unavoidable items of expenditure that lie lumped together under that useful and significant term, "sundries." Any surplus remaining after satisfying the claims above enumerated was to be invested in the Three per cent. Consols, and added to the stock already standing in the names of the trustees. The clerk was to be paid twelve pounds per annum; the master (who must be a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge and a member of the Church of England) fifty pounds per annum, with house and gardens rent free, but subject to parochial rates and taxes, with permission to increase his income by taking thirty-six boarders. The master has to appoint an under master (who must also be a graduate of either of the universities), and to this privilege he has the gracious permission of Lord Langdale to add the pleasure of paying him. The Bishop of Exeter is styled the visitor of the school; and in this capacity he appoints an examiner, who holds a public examination of the school at Midsummer, and reports in writing to the visitor and governors as to the state of the same, and the progress and improvement of the pupils. The Examiner is paid fifteen pounds for his services on each occasion. The master is required to educate twenty boys free of expense, such boys to be natives of Kingsbridge, or sons of

parents resident in Kingsbridge at the time of their admission; but failing a sufficient number from the town, the governors may elect free boys from any parish or place within one mile from the school-house. All day scholars not on the foundation pay one guinea to the master as an entrance fee, and the same amount per quarter. There are four exhibitions of fifty pounds each, tenable for four years, to be given to boys educated at the Grammar School proceeding to either of the universities: all boys are eligible, but, *ceteris paribus*, preference is given to Kingsbridge boys. Apprentice fees to the amount of twenty pounds each are to be paid annually for the benefit of four boys, being Kingsbridge free boys, educated at the school. The governors have the power of reducing the number of exhibitions and apprentice fees, should the funds be insufficient to enable them to go to the extent indicated and prescribed by the decree.

Lord Langdale concludes his judgment by confirming the right of the town to have a word to say with regard to the choice of a lecturer, according to the decision of Lord King in 1728. The town threw down the gauntlet to the trustees in 1855, respecting the nomination of the present lecturer, the Rev. W. Sloane Sloane-Evans. It was determined to ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants by appointing a day when each rate-payer might record his *Placet* or *Non Placet* with regard to the nomination made by the trustees: their appointment was, however, confirmed by the result of the day's proceedings, and Mr. Sloane-Evans immediately after entered into the full enjoyment of all the privileges and emoluments of the office.

I said that the school-room built on the model of that at Eton was up stairs; below the school is the dining-room, which was well filled with a goodly company of the rising generation in Mr. Borwell's days, and will be filled again, I sincerely hope, with as numerous a gathering as soon as Kingsbridge shall be looped and tacked to the world once more, by means of a spur of the South

Devon Railway dove-tailing into that great highway of iron somewhere between Kingsbridge Road Station and South Brent. It was a goodly dining-room in those days, and seven good dinners per week were regularly eaten therein; then it was reserved strictly for the business of the *salle à manger*, but since I have seen boys playing peg-in-the-ring there, ploughing up the well-knit red deal floor with steel-pointed peg tops, in a way calculated to have made the shades of Crispin and Duncombe shiver in their ghostly shoes could they have been permitted to drop in *en passant* at that identical moment. And oh! *horresco referens!* why were the windows whitened from sill to architrave, from side to side, under the regime of the Rev. James Whiteside? What demoiselle's ardent glances in that direction, prompted only, I am positively confident, by an absorbing desire to take lessons in *Propria quæ maribus*, drove successive batches of Grammar School boys, to the horror and disgust of their respected preceptors, to study Ovid's *Ars Amandi* in earnest, and to fling in return warm looks of reciprocity, whole fagots of boy's love, through the transparent though well-scratched medium to the fond but fickle fair, till on one black Monday morning the panes through which the arrowy glances hurtled were darkened with a coat of envious paint? Oh fie, Mr. W. to stop such pretty and innocent mi-aw-ling, and thus to tell the world that though a cat may look at a king, even that earthly monarch of monarchs (excepting always our own thrice royal Queen) Victor Emmanuel, sovereign of Italy, it is not seemly for a young lady to gaze too seductively at young gentlemen when they ought to be studiously inclined, and tramp in frequent passage up and down the well-known pave, until

> The young St. Anthonies boggled their eyes
> Over each dull dry book;
> Ho! Ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise;
> The lady *to them* had a lovely guise,
> And they could not care but look.

But we must run up stairs again, and have one more look at

the old school-room, and one or two more stories about it before we get further down the street. Aye, old room, I have spent many a happy hour within your wainscoted walls, and I trust if any old schoolfellow ever reads these pages, he will remember me with the same kindly genial feeling of good fellowship with which I now remember him. Let me also gladly seize this opportunity to bear public testimony to the unvarying kindness, care, and attention that I always received in that room and out of that room from Mr. Borwell, to whom I owe all I know, with an earnest hope that when I am old and well stricken in years, if God permit me to become so, many an old pupil of mine will appreciate all I have tried to do for them as truly and sincerely as I now value, with my warmest thanks for the same, everything that Mr. Borwell did for me.

No one at present resident in Kingsbridge, or, at all events, but very few, can remember the Rev. John Wilcocks, who held the mastership from 1799 till 1809. In times gone by, there was a famous mutton pie house over the way, kept by a baker named Gilbert: the house still stands conspicuous with a slated front a little below Vine House; but alas! Gilbert exists no longer, and his mutton pies, of which I have heard old gentlemen speak with an unctuous ripple playing round the corners of their mouths, have perished with him. To this baker the boys would resort at all seasons, and endeavour to assuage the bitterness of learning, and get rid of the unpalatable taste of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, by solacing themselves with the crisp crust and juicy mutton that lay in judiciously-managed embrace in his enticing window. One day, a very stout doctor, who attended the school as a very stout boy under the dispensation of the Rev. John Wilcocks, after fighting the good fight against carnal desires for many minutes, quitted the school-room, and crossing the street, quickly became the possessor of a bright brown pie, hot from the fiery ordeal of the oven. In those days it was the custom and rigid rule

for boys to bow to the master on entering and quitting the room: the miserable urchin, little anticipating what was to come, returned and duly performed the obsequious koo-too. He had, regardless of shirt front, deposited the spoil of the bakehouse, for better security, in his bosom, that beat high with hope of approaching greasy enjoyment. But his waistcoat betrayed him. While bending before the awful majesty of the head master, the pie fell on the floor upon its edge, and (a fact which speaks volumes for Gilbert's pastry) rolled up the school-room, and settled uninjured in a state of rest. The outraged master and pie-less boy were equally astonished and equally disgusted with the untoward event, though for widely different reasons. The delinquent was incontinently hoisted and severely birched, learning by painful experience the glaring truth of the old adage, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." I wonder, however, what became of the pie, and who finally feasted on its savoury contents. It is a mystery; and I fear me that, like the Road Murder and Waterloo Bridge Tragedy, it will ever remain so.

From time immemorial it has been the custom, better honoured in its breach than its observance, for boys to try the strength and quality of their pocket knives on the desks, seats, and other fittings of their respective schools, by graving and hacking their names and initials upon them in anything but a pleasing and regular form of letter. I hope the wainscoting of the old school will be allowed to remain where it is, although so wofully disfigured and scored with trenchèd gashes, and not be ruthlessly pulled down and chopped up for firewood, like the wooden lining of a certain Oxfordshire grammar school I wot of, the panels of which bore the names of Anthony à Wood, a gentleman, scholar, and antiquary of note; and of John Wilkes, low demagogue scoundrel; with many others—that of noble John Hampden, hero and patriot, being, as I have been told, among them. I would fain propose to the fourteen governors, in solemn conclave

assembled, to restore and colour the highest row of panels, to receive the names of those who have been educated at the school, and have since distinguished themselves in literature, science, art, or learning (hoping that mine may be there ere I die), and suggest that there appear, conspicuously emblazoned among the worthy series of those who already deserve the honour, those of the Rev. John Earle, late professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Oxford, and Dr. John Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar.

Peter was born in "a smart little mansion with a white front," which stood on a spot on Dodbrooke Quay some sixty yards or more from the water's edge, where Pindar Lodge (in the occupation of Mr. William Bond, coal merchant, &c.) now stands. This house was built by the Rev. Nathaniel Wells, in 1795, on the site of the house which had been for many generations the home of the Wolcot family. Young Wolcot, while a school-boy, one of the sauciest, I expect, of the saucy young rascals who were then running wild in the gutters of Kingsbridge, managed one day to throw the whole town into consternation by the report that he had committed a foul and bloody murder on the person of a cobbler, whose name tradition has failed to hand down to posterity. This botcher of boots, diverting his attention for a while from his leather and cucumbers (he *must* have had cucumbers on the ledge in front of his shop window, for I never yet knew a disciple of Hoby in Kingsbridge who did not earnestly devote himself to the growth and sale of this grateful though indigestible fruit, as well as to the supply of understandings for his neighbours) would, whenever Peter passed his stall, scream with derisive jeer and taunt, "Jacky, you've been whipped today," making the word "whipped," jerked out with rasping asperity of enunciation, chime in with the whiz of the waxed end through the awl-pierced sole and upper. Now this insulting and aggravating accusation was hurled at Peter whenever, and as soon

as ever, the cobbler set eyes on him, and was uttered again and again with every stitch until he had disappeared. How he must have hated that Nemesis of a cobbler! How he must have desired with yearning longing to choke him with his own cucumbers! At last he resolved on a dire revenge; and one day, while the cobbler was in full cry, he drew a heavy horse pistol from his pocket, and discharged the contents in his persecutor's face. The rattle of the report and the yells of the victim, whose features were indistinguishable and dripping with gore, soon brought old women to the doors and young women to the windows; while the cobbler's son, collaring the murderous Jack, and freely and voluntarily offering to be immediately "darned if Maister Wolcot hadn't a scat vather's brains clean over the shop," bawled lustily for the constable. There was a terrible racing and chasing in all directions, pretty nearly as bad as that on Cannobie Lea: everybody, according to Cocker in these cases, got in everybody else's way: exasperated crones vaunted their skill in prophecy, and claimed to rank among the seers, by asserting that they "allays *had* said as how the young blackkurt would come to the gallies:" doctors came flocking together from the four winds of heaven: an anxious inquiry into the injuries received by the unhappy man commenced, when it was revealed, through the agency of a sponge and cold water, that the old ladies were not yet qualified to stand among the prophets—that the adventurous son had too rashly and hastily laid himself open to the operation of "darning," whatever that may be—and that Peter had committed no murder, but, by cramming his weapon with bullock's blood instead of ball cartridge, had managed most effectually to turn the town upside down for a season, and to turn the tables on the malignant cobbler, who ever after allowed him to pass and re-pass in sullen silence.

The space within which Mr. Friend compels me to confine my subject warns me that I must say no more about the school, or

anything connected with it, however remotely: I will merely ask my old *confrères* if they remember the awful morning when the curtain rose on a scene of flagellation, and two little sinners, one at present a pillar of the church and rector of a parish on the south coast of Devon, the other the son of a rector in the same locality, now a prosperous wine merchant in some suburb of London, were hoisted on the stalwart back of a boy, now making chips in Australia to some purpose, and well tickled with a twiggy birch for dallying with lucifer matches in bed, when they ought to have been snoring betwixt their sheets and blankets. Do they remember, I wonder, the wild and eccentric *pas de quatre* danced one portentous day up and down the floor of the school, the pets of the ballet on that occasion and performers therein being our reverend preceptor, an unruly and turbulent pupil, a stern sea captain, unyielding parent of the same, and a disciple of Esculapius, son-in-law of the third-named member of our *dramatis personæ*. Many must recollect the gyratic performance of that morning, the waltzing whirl of the triad of kith and kin in a Laocoön-like group, collaring each other with well clenched digits, their respective shins being in liberal receipt of monkeys' allowance, and how reverend preceptor, brandishing the captain's own stick, a well ferruled bamboo, hovered in front and in rear, and on either flank of the knot of enraged relatives, who freely expressed their opinion of each other in terms of opprobrium, larded and garnished with condemnatory adjectives and verbs of the same nature roundly delivered in the imperative mood in repeated and rattling broadsides, and soundly thrashed all three, father, son, and son-in-law, in his well-meant endeavours to belabour the offender who warded the blows by the dexterous interposition of his smarting and writhing kindred. We, who looked on with distended eyes, added many new words to our vocabulary that day in the tongue vulgar, and enjoyed the stormy scene with mingled gusto and intense delight, dashed perhaps with a little fright and wonder. Two of the four

lie low in earth's embrace, and the ashes of the poor son, shot down and wounded to death as a volunteer in an expedition to uphold the might and honour of England against a cruel and half savage people, mingle with the sun-scorched dust of an eastern land.

At last I get out of school once more, and turning to my right out of the big double doors, I go on my way rejoicing down the street. Opposite Duncombe Street I find a trimly kept green sward within iron railings and gates, divided by a straight broad path leading directly to a door, over which is written "Ebenezer." It is the entrance to the chapel of the Wesleyan Methodists, built by subscriptions of members of that body in the year 1814, a new pediment having been erected and the front altered and stuccoed in the year 1850. The building, which is of stone, is forty feet long, thirty broad, and twenty-one in height.

Our old friend Justice Hawkins remarks that "a variety of religious opinions has long pervaded the town of Kingsbridge; and though the number of inhabitants, including all ages, as has already been seen, fell short of a thousand in 1791, and, even in 1811, was under thirteen hundred, yet here there were no less than three dissenting meeting-houses at the former period, all which had their foundations laid in the eighteenth century, and a fourth has been recently erected; while the number of religions in the place has been quaintly reckoned to amount to sixteen." Was it Voltaire who said that England was a nation with twenty religions and one sauce, or some other equally profligate and godless unit of the nation of men that Voltaire himself characterised as half tiger, half monkey in disposition, who preserve the same ferocious and mischievous traits to the present day, excepting always their clever and saturnine ruler, the Emperor, who differs from his people in part, in that he is half tiger, half sphinx? But whether Voltaire or some jibing compatriot said this, had either visited Kingsbridge, he would have averred that that corner of the tight little island was in no way behind the

rest of the land in religious ardour and exquisite differences of opinion in matters doctrinal and ceremonial. Ah! there are many ways of getting to the same place; and though there were sixteen ways in Kingsbridge in 1811, when there were thirteen hundred inhabitants, and many more now, necessarily, if creeds and communities increase in a like ratio, yet, doubtless, all these lead onward to the same great end and object—yes! into the strait and narrow road at last, the common way for all. It is a grievous thing to view our neighbour coldly and with scorn, sitting in pharisaical judgment upon him in direct opposition to the Divine command, because he happens to differ from us in minor points of faith and ceremonies and liturgies, beautiful with excess of beauty though they be, yet after all the work of sinful men, although the chief corner stone of our buildings must be the same, although Christ be all in all to him as well as to us. But about the sauces! England has certainly come out in that especial line since the above-named reproach was levelled at her by the Frenchman. I will not stay now to revel in descriptive delight in cataloguing the long list that have made Lea and Perrin, Crosse and Blackwell, Elizabeth Lazenby, Orton, &c. &c., famous throughout the wide world, but dash my pen more deeply into my ink-pot that I may declare in all the significance of capitals that Kingsbridge boasts TWO SAUCES; for my palate yet gratefully remembers the aroma of that delightful condiment skilfully prepared by Mr. W. H. Balkwill for fish, flesh, fowl, and game, called "The Kingsbridge Relish"; and the flavour and *gôut* of the exquisite concoction from the laboratory of my gallant friend the Sergeant-Major of the 26th D. R. V., Mr. W. H. Troake, for which, whenever he may require it, I shall be happy to incubate a name which shall at least equal in unintelligibility the Anhydrohepseterion, the florid name of a modern machine for cooking potatoes, or the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse's artist in hair, which effected such chameleon-like wonders on the head of that unhappy little specimen of the genus "gent."

Passing the Devon and Cornwall Bank on the left side of the street, under the management of Mr. George Fox, and a large block of buildings on the other side of the way, rather lower down, occupied by Mr. Bignell, confectioner, formerly known as the "wooden house," on the top of which the builder and original owner actually instituted a garden and turned a donkey out to grass—the only points particularly requiring notice—we come to the parish church, hidden from the street by a row of butchers' stalls under a colonnade supported by dwarfed granite pillars, over which is a long narrow room, formerly the butter market, part of which is now used as an auction mart by Mr. W. Parkhouse, and the remainder as an armoury by the members of the 26th D. R. V. These stalls and the room above are the property of John Scobell, Esquire, the lord of the manor, who has lately consented to the removal of the room, at the expense, however, of the inhabitants. Funds will doubtless be found in some way or another for the destruction of the unsightly old market-house, as its demolition and the substitution of a handsome iron railing in front of the church would render that building an ornament and striking feature of the town.

The church, which, with the burial ground, occupies nearly an acre of ground, was built in the early part of the fifteenth century by the abbot and monks of Buckfastleigh, by permission of M. de Littlecumb, then rector of Churchstow, granted on certain conditions; and on August 26th, 1414, was dedicated to St. Edmund, king and martyr. The building is cruciform, and four massive pillars and arches springing from the same in the centre of the cross support a square tower sixty feet in height, crowned with battlements, and an octagonal spire forty feet high, surmounted by a weathercock. The tower contains a clock and six good bells, cast in London in the year 1762. The old bells were on their way to the metropolis to be re-cast, when they were captured and carried off by a French privateer. The old clock, as well as the present one, put up in the year 1786, was notorious

for its inveterate propensity to indicate anything but the right time, so that men at last reproached their friends and neighbours who were wont to indulge in lies white and black, and of every shade and tone of hue between, by saying, "You're as great a liar as Kingsbridge clock." A curiously carved cross originally stood at the east end, which was displaced in 1818 to make room for an ugly square clock turret, with three dials communicating with the works in the tower at a distance of twenty-four feet. This dial box has, if I rightly remember, long since gone the way of all mundane things, and so has the old cross bearing in relief the emblems of our Saviour's passion and sufferings: it has been entirely lost sight of, and has possibly, and very probably, too, been broken up to mend the roads. It is a pity that there is no clock face to be seen from the street; but the worthy people of Kingsbridge are capital hands at bazaars, and while the present restorations are being effected something might be done to ornament the old square tower with four good dial plates, to be conspicuous from the street at all points, the estuary, the Union, and the surrounding hills.

The church is about ninety feet in length from east to west, including the portion recently added at the west end; the arms of the cross, including the central area under the tower, are about seventy-six feet long; the width of the nave, divided into three aisles, is forty-six feet, and that of the north and south transepts about fourteen feet. The building was re-seated and partially restored in 1849: further renovations have just been made, including a new roof, new windows at the east and west ends (that over the communion table being the joint gift of John Miller, Esquire, and Mrs. Toby), besides two or three at the sides, and the removal of the western gallery, which was occupied by the organ and choir, and the erection of new freestone crosses over the several gables. A painting of the Last Supper, which used to occupy a place over the communion table, has dis-

appeared. There are a few handsome monuments and tablets on the walls, and lettered slabs of slate and marble, forming parts of the chancel, nave, and transepts, marking the memories and last resting places of many former inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, among whom may be mentioned William Duncombe, the founder of the lectureship. Particular mention should be made of the monument to the memory of Mrs. Hawkins, wife of Major Hawkins, of the East India Company's service, in the north transept, beautifully executed in Carrara marble by Flaxman.

The old carved rood-loft was removed in the early part of the present century by some furiously anti-papal churchwarden, I presume, who loved whitewash and the hideous glazing that disfigures many of our beautiful parish churches, and all the abominations in church building, altering, and adorning, familiarly known as churchwardens' architecture; and hated carving, and coloured glass, and polychrome decorations, as savouring of Rome and the Romish ritual. One little remnant was to be seen in the pew of Mr. Jacob Davie, prior to the re-seating of the church in 1849: it was a coarse wooden carving of the figure of a man holding a shield before him, bearing a crown: the image was adorned with wings, and was supposed to represent the patron saint of the church, St. Edmund, king and martyr.

Immediately adjoining the church on the south side are the Public Rooms, or Town Hall. This building was erected by a company of shareholders formed for the purpose in 1850; some miserable old dwelling-houses which previously occupied the site having been pulled down to make room for their more pretentious successor. The front elevation facing the street is built in accordance with the general principles of the Italian style of architecture. Ascending some granite steps, and passing through the large central folding door, flanked by two side entrances, we come at once into a spacious area paved with stone, which is used for the weekly poultry and butter market, as well as a covered drill room

during the winter months for the 26th D. R. V. A long passage at the further end leads to a lock-up for malefactors of a minor class that turn up now and then even in Kingsbridge, apartments for the sergeant of police resident in the district, and offices for the clerk and other officials of the County Court. A flight of stone stairs at the west end leads to the Town Hall, a handsome well-built room, admirably fitted up, used for magistrates' meetings, sittings of the County Court, lectures, concerts, bazaars, and even Sunday services when necessary repairs and alterations compel the members of any church or chapel in the town to use it for a time as a place of worship. A commodious withdrawing room is attached. Another staircase to the left takes us to the reading room, with a window commanding the street, amply supplied with books, papers, maps, and other requisites, a library, a room for committee meetings, &c., and another ultimately intended for a museum for the reception of curiosities of all kinds from all climes, specimens of natural history, paintings, &c. &c.; and I daresay that I may venture to add that the authorities who exercise a watchful guardianship over the Town Hall and all belonging and appertaining to it will gladly receive anything worth having from generously minded individuals, to form a nucleus for future extension, the donor's name being in all cases conspicuously attached to each gift to serve as a hint to visitors to immortalize themselves forthwith.

Quitting the Town Hall, the next building that deserves notice is the Independent Chapel on the eastern side of the street. This chapel was originally built by members of a Presbyterian congregation in lieu of a meeting-house on the other side of the street, behind the house of Mr. John Lamble, nearly opposite the Devon and Cornwall Bank, as closely as I can determine the site, in the year 1790. In the following year it seems that a "change took place in the tenets of the society; for, in the trust deed executed since the year 1791, the congregation which assembles in this

meeting-house is described as of the Independent persuasion." After various enlargements and alterations this building was pulled down, and the present edifice, a chapel with commodious school-rooms underneath, erected in the early English style from the tasteful design and under the skilful superintendence of Mr. J. Pulliblank, architect and builder, who will pardon me for saying that he is one of the most useful men that Kingsbridge possesses, ever ready to wield pen or pencil in a good cause, and able to do good service with both.

Ah! I see in my mind's eye a narrow passage and a crowd of boys pouring gladly through it into the open street. School is over, and Mr. Campion has dismissed his flock to follow their own devices for a season. Mr. Blackler is no longer goaded to wrath by the unseemly shrieking and tumult with which the urchins hailed their liberty in Mr. Sinnett's time, when the fetters of discipline were shelved for a season, for order now reigns supreme. Let us go down and look at the room—lofty, airy, built of dressed stone on well turned arches. This is St. Edmund's School, established by the Rev. John Tucker in 1844, or thereabouts, under the expansive title of the "Kingsbridge Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial School": its present name, in honour of the patron saint of the church, was substituted for the original lengthy appellation by me, in 1853, when I wore the mantle of master and proprietor of the same; considerable wonder and speculation arising as to the why and wherefore of the change. St. Edmund's School has absorbed that formerly conducted by Mr. Gibbs, as well as Mr. Parker's school, which was held in this very room for a long series of years, and finally passed into the hands of Mr. Thomas, who relinquished it when Mr. Sinnett became my successor in 1859, and removed the school from Athenæum Place, Dodbrooke, to its present location.

The Friends' meeting-house, an unpretending building about thirty feet square and eighteen feet in height, with a neatly kept

garden in front, was built by subscription in the year 1701-2. Quarterly meetings are held here by the Friends of the western division: indeed, Kingsbridge seems to be the only town of its size and importance in the West of England in which a meeting-house for the society is to be found. The enclosure on the north side of Duncombe Street, immediately behind the old engine house, opposite the Wesleyan Chapel, was formerly a burying ground for Quakers: it has not, however, been used for the purpose of interment for about a century and a half; and as the land is now used as a drying ground and garden, this necessary piece of information may, perhaps, quiet the qualms of body and mind likely to arise in any who find that they have been gathering vegetables from such a questionable spot, and may, with lively imagination, picture to themselves that they have been indeed eating *a friend;* every cabbage they have shared, every pea that they have swallowed, being part and parcel of somebody who was formerly a Quaker in the flesh, transmuted by the alchemy of nature into a brassic or leguminous form. "The register of this society commences in the year 1659, which shows that they have been established in Kingsbridge from the days of George Fox, their founder, who first began to preach in 1647 and died in 1690."

Nearly opposite the Friends' meeting-house, and below the premises of Mr. Henry Nicholls, jun., naturalist, &c., stands a place of worship for the Plymouth Brethren. It was built in 1853, and has a neat stone front, with a colonnade before the principal entrance: it was designed by the architect of the Independent Chapel before named. The chapel stands back from the street, from which it is separated by a grass lawn and handsome iron railing. There remains one chapel more to be mentioned (though there may be rooms and out-of-the-way corners appropriated to the use of members of various erratic persuasions of minor rank and minimum importance in the scale ecclesiastical),

the Baptist Chapel in Meeting Lane, which connects the main street with the western backway, passing Phœnix Place, &c. The present building was erected in the year 1799, by the exertions of the Rev. H. Penn, for nineteen years Baptist minister in Kingsbridge, in lieu of the former chapel now converted into a cellar and tenement, which stands some feet higher up, nearer Fore Street. It was enlarged and altered in style, and a new roof placed over it, in 1852, and is now one of the neatest and most commodious chapels in the town. The garden adjoining has been used as a burial ground for many years; but the Baptists possess another at Venn, in the parish of Churchstow, which is very seldom used.

The business of the Kingsbridge Joint Stock Bank, established 1842, is carried on at the offices of Messrs. Hurrell and Lidstone, solicitors, at the residence of the senior partner of the firm and manager of the bank.

The Union house for Kingsbridge and twenty-six neighbouring parishes is built on a slope opposite Norden and Bowringsleigh woods, both belonging to W. R. Ilbert, Esquire, of Horswell House. Access to it is obtained by a road branching from Mill Street on the northern side, nearly opposite the entrance to Quay House, passing a pretty villa residence known as the Retreat, built by the late Mr. John Dinnis, of Kingsbridge.

In Dodbrooke, the only building demanding notice is the church, situated in one of the prettiest and most retired churchyards in the county of Devon. Some may think that too fervent a tribute of praise is given to this spot and the sacred building it encompasses; but I have many a cogent reason for fostering more than a common liking and love for this in particular of all God's holy English shrines, as the three parish registers may well testify; and among my remembrances there stands forth in bold relief and vivid colouring the solemn, earnest, gentle, and affectionate ministry of one whom to hear is to like, respect, and love; who

will be spared for many a long year to come, I trust, to his congregation, of which I was once a member, all of whom will, I am sure, without a single exception, but in warmer terms, confirm the little I have dared to say of him.

The church was re-seated, and the interior otherwise restored, in 1846, low pews being substituted for the sleep-encouraging loose boxes that formerly encumbered the aisles. The gallery on the south side was then taken down, those at the west end being permitted to remain for the accommodation of the choir and Sunday school children. An harmonium, played by a very near and dear relative of mine, and an able coadjutor, for some years (whose joint services were kindly and gracefully acknowledged by the congregation by the presentation of a handsome testimonial to each lady) was subsequently substituted for the fiddles, flutes, and bassoons that had long accompanied psalm and anthem in the *music loft* with due orchestral *furore*, with all the trillings, roulades, and vain repetitions peculiar to country psalmody, or the tunes affected by country psalmists, from which may I ever be delivered. The church itself seems to have lost the north aisle. The nave is sixty feet long and nineteen broad, separated from the chancel by a handsome old screen, now, in very questionable taste, surmounted with frowning battlements. The south aisle, fifty feet long by sixteen broad, is also separated from another small aisle at its eastern end by a continuation of the screen: this aisle belongs to John Gillard, Esquire, of Well, who is obliged to keep the same in thorough repair. There are one or two monuments on the walls, and incised slabs let into the pavement of the church: that on the south wall is to the memory of Elizabeth, wife of John Beare, of Bearescombe, an estate in the parish of Buckland-tout-saints, formerly called Woodmason. This John Beare was a famous, or rather infamous, persecutor of Nonconformists in the reign of Charles II. His deeds in this line in Kingsbridge are chronicled in a pamphlet revised from an

old work published in 1671, entitled, "A Narrative of the Persecutions against Dissenters in Kingsbridge and other places in Devonshire, under the reign of Charles II." I believe copies of this are very scarce, but the pamphlet is well worth re-printing. The exterior of the south aisle and south porch is of hewn stone, ornamented with battlements on the top of the walls. There was a window of granite and coloured glass at the east end, which was taken out during the reign of a former rector more famous for whiskers than wisdom, who read prayers and preached at rail-road pace, and was wont to boast that he would give any parson living—archbishops, bishops, deans, and deacons all included—as far as the end of the Belief, and beat them hollow. A window in the worst style of churchwardens' architecture was substituted, wood for granite, plain panes for glass of richly varied tints, which it is to be hoped that the good taste and better judgment of the parishioners will cause to be removed to make room for something better. The tower possesses five bells, and was formerly surmounted by a steeple, which was taken down in 1785. Would that the steeple, north aisle, and east window could be speedily restored. There are many handsome monuments and railed graves in the churchyard; but that which will cause the saddest reflection and call forth the warmest sympathy is one on the north side, to the memory of a little girl called Huxtable, who, in former days, when there were barracks in Kingsbridge and soldiers in them, was decoyed from her home and companions by a ruffian in scarlet, with a sin-blackened soul, never to see that home again: for in a short hour or two he had crushed out the life of his little victim, and left her, so lately blooming with life and health, and revelling in all the wild *abandon* and joyous spirits of a child, a mutilated corpse, which told too well the sad and sickening story of the struggle which heralded her entrance to another and a better world.

CHAPTER III.

OLLA PODRIDA.

MANY will doubtless think that "Olla Podrida" is an uncommonly odd title for a chapter of any book in the English language, until they learn that, in the land of the Cid, it names a dish savoury beyond expression, in which scraps of fish, flesh, and fowl mingle in appetizing contiguity. It is the patchwork of the *cuisine*, an *omnium gatherum* of edible delights, and, by a desperate stretch of imagination and fancy, may be compelled to figure forth the odds and ends of the present chapter, the last few rags and scraps of recollections which are lurking at the bottom of memory's wallet, which I must pull out and piece together to furnish the closing pages of these desultory notes and jottings about my native town.

I find I have said nothing about the contribution that the churchyard of Kingsbridge can offer to any future collection of quaint epitaphs which some ardent admirer of such matters may henceforth cull from British burial grounds. The memorial to which I allude is cut on a headstone close to the chancel door, and runs as follows :—

"Underneath Lieth the Body of Robert, commonly called Bone Phillips, who died July 27th, 1793, Aged 65 years ; At whose request the following lines are here inserted.

Here lie I at the Chancel door ;
Here lie I because I'm poor ;
The farther in the more you'll pay ;
Here lie I as warm as they."

It seems that the said Robert Phillips, so signally distinguished

by the epithet "Bone," was a drunken old vagabond, a cooper by trade, who strung together the above doggrel lines for his tombstone, and was so enamoured of his effusion that (*teste* Hawkins) "he was in the habit of repeating them to all ranks and degrees in his mendicant vagaries," whether drunk or sober. What a social evil old Bone must have been! what a dreary nuisance, both in his cups and away from his cups! and how people who knew and dreaded what was coming must have fled at his approach down the nearest run to western or eastern backlet! which last, by the way, is bordered by a leat, not the cleanest I have ever seen, in which the early stages of the manufacture of tripe used to be repulsively performed by a colossal woman, fatter than Falstaff, familiarly known as Mary Anne.

It was always a matter of speculation with me as to who the strong-minded men and women could possibly be who devoured the intestinal dainties that came fresh from the fingers and watery laboratory of Mary Anne; but I never wondered at the desire existing in the thirsty souls of the town for a local liquor known as "white ale," brewed in Kingsbridge and Kingsbridge only, I believe, the fame of which has not yet spread beyond the neighbouring towns and villages, although it was in vogue years before the dusky streams of Guinness's stout and the sparkling bitters of Burton and Bass bubbled o'er the delighted palates of a drouthy world. It is good in summer, mixed with ginger beer, in equal parts; it is better in winter, mulled with eggs and sugar, and *tuned* with a full glass of old Jamaica rum: alone, without any qualifying additions, I cannot conscientiously recommend it, although it appears grateful to the *dura ilia* of boatmen, workmen, and porters, who loaf about on Lazy Bridge, hard by the Anchor, of whom one Tom Pepperell seems to be the head and chief, as swart and saucy as any of Murillo's gipsies, who will take you down the river whenever you wish to view the beauties of Kingsbridge from the water, for hire duly agreed on, and

throw in a wonderful deal of talk, gratis, to enliven the voyage. A tithe is paid to the rector of Dodbrooke on all white ale brewed in the parish. It takes its peculiar taste and colour from the introduction of an ingredient called "grout," a secret compound known only to the Randall family, who manufacture the mixture for the use of the brewers.

The consumption of white ale must have been considerable in the days when the scarlet coats of the old Volunteers were to be seen among the more sober hues of civilian costume in the town of Kingsbridge. The barracks in which our gallant grandfathers were lodged were on High-house estate. A stroll over Dodbrooke Quay, past the lime kilns and Winsor Lodge, will bring us to a large gate between two square pillars of masonry, on the left side of the road, through which we obtain access to a field, bordered on the west side by a belt of firs, growing on a steep cliff, which the waters of the estuary washed some forty or fifty years ago, before the marshes were reclaimed, the new road made, and the quays, that edge the road side, built. On the ridge at the other end of this field were the Kingsbridge barracks, famous for fleas, according to the account of an old gentleman of Newton Abbot, who suffered persecution from the probes of these insects while on service there in the days of his youth. The part which formed the officers' mess-room and hospital still remains, a black weather-boarded building looking towards the river and the shipwrights' yard. Three stone walls, capped with a slate roof, away to the north of this fragment of the old barracks, formed a retreat for a piece of ordnance, which used to fling its iron food across the water with an angry roar at a mark in the quarry opposite, before which a small cluster of houses now stands, called Tacket Wood. The sullen boom of the death-dealing guns of the ships that fought the FIRST SEA FIGHT in the struggle that commenced between England and France in 1793 might have been heard on this very hill: nay, a Kingsbridge man—the grandfather of

Mr. Edwards, now resident at Addlehole—saw this battle from Prawle Point; and doubtless, as his eye kindled, and his blood swept through his veins in quickened rout, he longed, as any Englishman would long, to be in the midst of the fury of the fray. He saw the *Nymph*, of 36 guns, commanded by Captain Edward Pellew (afterwards Viscount Exmouth), slowly beating up channel on the morning of June 18th, 1793, a few miles to the south-west of the Start. He saw the English frigate at six a.m. fall in with a French ship of war, which proved to be the *Cleopâtre*, and, a little later, a burst of white smoke from the portholes of the latter, which announced that the action had commenced. A furious cannonade followed, which was kept up until seven o'clock by both vessels, when the *Nymph* was skilfully laid alongside of her opponent; and in ten minutes from that time every Frenchman was driven from the decks of the *Cleopâtre* by the irresistible rush of the sailors of Pellew, who had thus gallantly won the first-fruits of the long series of naval engagements which immediately followed.

There were strange old fellows in authority among the Volunteers of olden time, and not the least singular amongst them was a captain of hosts, known throughout the length and breadth of South Devon as "Cappen Pridgeon," who commanded a company raised in these parts. One day, while at a sham fight near Stanborough, the gallant captain's company was ordered to retreat. "Raytrait," cried the indignant captain, "it shall never be said in Dodbrooke market that Cappen Pridgeon raytraited. Charge bagginets, my men!" and his men did "charge bagginets," to the wrath of the veteran conducting the field operations of the day, and the utter discomfiture of the advancing foe, who fled in broken ranks before the determined onslaught of Pridgeon's invincibles.

The same captain was addicted to field sports, and prone to enter the mess-room in dirty boots, as indeed were the majority of his brother officers. A rule was passed inflicting a fine of a

bottle of wine on the son of Mars who should venture to come to mess in boots that knew not Day and Martin. One day dinner had just been placed on table, and Captain Pridgeon had just returned to his quarters from a bout at snipe shooting. To change his boots was to lose his dinner, or the best part of it; to enter as he was must cost him a bottle of wine. While halting between two opinions a brilliant thought struck him: the rule only provided that boots should be clean. Seizing a bucket of water from the grasp of a soldier passing by, he deliberately plunged first one foot and then the other into the contents of the pail, washing his boots free from every particle of mud and dirt, and then hastened up the mess-room to his accustomed place with a squishy-squashy tramp, leaving every footstep clearly defined in aqua-tint on the carpetless floor. "A fine for Cappen Pridgeon!" echoed round the room, "Here's Cappen Pridgeon with dirty boots again!" "No! no!" replied the astute centurion, "don't think you be gwain to catch Cappen Pridgeon; my boots be clane anyhow, though they bain't sheeney!" which last word, it must be observed for the benefit of the uninitiated, was the word which did duty for the term "shiny" in the worthy Devonshire captain's vocabulary.

There is much in connexion with Kingsbridge left unsaid, on which I could dwell with the greatest pleasure: some things I cannot even touch on; others must be dismissed with scanty notice, that I may come to an end within the space I am allowed to fill. It is not for me to glorify once more the pious and charitable men, the Aclands, the Petres, the Gyes (no connexion whatever of the hero of the Gunpowder Plot) who have assigned monies for the relief of our poorer brethren in Kingsbridge and Dodbrooke for ever, as long as our "ever" shall last. I cannot stay to speak of the feoffee property, and the cat-and-dog struggles between churchmen and dissenters for the appropriation of these little loaves and fishes. I have no room to tell you how

Lackington, the great bookseller of Finsbury Square, began to build his fortune and his prosperous house on the foundation of a ten-pound note borrowed in Kingsbridge when he first began to struggle up the ladder of worldly renown. I can scarcely mention the weekly market on Saturdays, and the annual fair held on July 20th (St. Margaret's Day) or the Thursday immediately succeeding, which languishes through Friday, and culminates in drunkenness and riot on Saturday night.

The fair is now held to little purpose, though it was useful enough in days gone by, when our grandmothers and their grandmothers before them repaired to the "Chepe House" of Kingsbridge once a-year to buy broadcloth for the upper and nether casings of their husbands and olive branches of the male kind, with clome and crockery sufficient to stand a twelvemonth's smash, and wares and merchandise of every description enough to last till St. Margaret's Day came round again. Then Fore Street was so tightly packed with people that, to speak in slightly exaggerative terms, you might have walked from top to bottom on the heads of the men and women therein assembled. Shows and exhibitions of all sorts then gladdened the hearts of pleasure-seekers old and young. Now the fair is at its last gasp: Cheap Jack, certainly, bellows from his cart well filled with matters *made to sell*, like Peter Pindar's razors, to a small but admiring girdle of gaping clowns; the fat girl waddles dolefully across her caravan; Toby, the learned porker, wistfully displays the modicum of knowledge he has painfully acquired under the hard discipline of the knotted lash and shin-bruising kicks of his brutal master; peepshows exhibit the last murder, and glut the eyes of wondering children with marvellous conceptions of the painter's pencil. But it is time to put an extinguisher over all save the buying and selling of the first day, and the festive dinners, and rivers of wine and punch and grog flowing at that season in every house for guests great and small, bidden or unbidden.

Ah! old friends, old fellow townsmen! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and you will pull your picturesque little town into the front rank. What is there that God and nature has not given you? What part of England can challenge you with respect to climate, mild and balmy as that of Southern France or the shores of Northern Italy? You are planted in a situation protected from every inclement wind and biting blast by the hills that surround you: pleasant walks are yours, and easy access to the bright waters of laughing ocean: you have every advantage that clime and position can command, and it rests with yourselves alone to decide what you will become.

Look at your town and see how much you have done for yourselves already: in no place is there less chance of getting aid from without for any project of improvement, in no place is more readiness and enthusiasm shewn to promote any undertaking that may prove of benefit and advantage to the common weal. Look at the churches and chapels re-built, altered, improved, beautified, and adorned, within the last few years. Look at the home-built clipper vessels that skim the seas, the *Kingsbridge Packet*, the little *Queen:* all offspring of the energy and enterprise of the inhabitants of Kingsbridge and the neighbourhood. Look at Fore Street, paved and lighted in a style inferior to no town in England; the shops, superior to any which may be found in towns of similar size; the frontage of the houses, with which the careful skill of Roger Elliott and Joseph Pulliblank have beautified the streets. See the very contents of the various shops, and the genial gleam of prosperity and content that is reflected from the faces of their owners. Where can you be supplied with any and every want better than in Kingsbridge? Where will you find butchers, bakers, brewers, vintners, tailors, drapers, druggists, grocers, booksellers, coal merchants, upholsterers, ironmongers, milliners, hatters—in short, followers of pretty nearly every known trade and calling under the sun, better able to supply the wants

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of the body and the longings of the mind than those who flourish in Kingsbridge? You can even boast of supporting that which is fast becoming a necessary of life to every Englishman, a cheap newspaper; for do not innumerable copies of the *Kingsbridge Gazette* pour weekly from the press and office of Mr. G. P. Friend, editor, printer, and proprietor of the same, like three single gentlemen rolled into one, of whom I could with truth, sincerity, and pleasure, say much more, but that I fear his editorial scissors would mutilate this part of my MS.

But it is useless for me to enumerate all you have; strangers that come to you will soon find it all out for themselves: they will see that your town is well paved, well lighted, well managed, well supplied; that you have a good literary society for mutual improvement, an excellent trade in corn, cattle, and malt, and no end of *etceteras*. BUT—ah! BUT—you must have a railroad direct from the South Devon Railway to Kingsbridge, spite of all the Modbury men may say to the contrary: the beautiful building sites in the immediate vicinity of the town should be laid out forthwith, and built on as soon as possible. Your sites for building are unequalled; stone, slate, and timber are cheap enough; and there is every facility for water carriage for building material; and you had better get hold of a few builders without delay who have, or can find, the wherewithal to play ducks and drakes for a while, or be prepared to go directly into the same interesting and speculative game yourselves. Be true to yourselves and to your own interests, and a prettier, more prosperous, more pleasant spot shall not exist in the earth-encircling realms of Her Majesty the Queen than

KINGSBRIDGE.

G. P. FRIEND, PRINTER, GAZETTE OFFICE, KINGSBRIDGE.

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